

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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HARVEST TIME.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY PHILA H. CARR.

Stant and still the shadows lie,
With a dreamy grace, in the vale below,
And light clouds flock the azure sky
Like foaming billows of fleecy snow.

The fresh, cool wind from the forest glades,
Of the mountain air and sunlight born,
Is softly rustling the glossy blades
Of the tall, luxuriant Indian corn.

A brown bird skimming through the air
Shakes down a shower of fragrant sweets
That cling to her dewy wings, from where,
In the tasseled clover, her love she meets.

Down in the mead, where the daisies grow,
With laugh and shout so cheery and gay,
Hither and thither—as and fro—
The mowers are toiling the fragrant hay.

And singing so gaily the reapers come,
Slowly winding adown the lane,
With glad hearts merrily driving home
The rustling sheaves of golden grain.

On many another long-ago year
I have watched this lustrous harvest scene,
And the light to-day is warm and clear
That is flooding the valley's glittering gleam.

Why does it seem less happy and bright
Than on many another harvest day?
And why do the waves of golden light
Break and ebb and die away?

Ah, we miss a voice in the harvest song—
A firm, proud lip and forehead high—
The lightest step in the Jordan throng,
The glance of a flashing eagle eye.

Two years ago, when in and out
The swallows flew 'neath the merry eaves,
And home they drove with many a shout,
The last ripe load of golden sheaves;

When waves on waves of the reapers' hymn
Was pulsing upon the summer air,
Our hearts grew sick and our eyes were dim,
And we murmured many an earnest prayer;

For smiling gaily, and blessing all,
He grasped each reaper's honest hand,
Frolic to know that if he should fall,
He should nobly die for his native land.

Ah, me! while the mowers toss the hay,
And the reapers garner the shining grain,
My thoughts are wandering far away,
And my heart is faint with a dreary pain.

For, far on the crimsoned battle plain,
With the banner shrouding his noble breast,
Amid the martyrs of freedom slain,
He is peacefully laid to his glorious rest.

OUR BET.

"Beat, gentlemen? It will do you a deal of good, Mr. Fred; and you too, Mr. Wood," said old Dan, coming across the beach to where we were lying.

"I can't go to-day," answered Wood. "I have a confounded engagement. Shall you go, Ashley?"

"Yes, I think so," I said, looking at the sea, which, just stirred by a slight breeze, rippled and danced in the sunlight.

"All right, then. I shall have to bolt in a minute. What an awful row there is this morning."

"The beach is very full, sir," said Dan; "and see, you are in the middle of the crowd."

We were not far from the bathing machines; and on every side of us were groups of people, laughing, talking, flirting—all supremely merry, and not over careful about modulating the tones of their voices. The man with the guitar appeared to be the only person on the whole beach who was not making a noise. He, poor fellow, had broken one of the strings of his instrument, and was sitting by himself, disconsolately, trying to mend it. A family of foreign minstrels had settled themselves in front of the lapidary's shop, and the oldest boy was singing an Italian song, doing his utmost to make himself heard. He was, I own, singing under difficulties. The laughter of the bathers and the buzz of the talkers hardly conducted to render his voice the more audible; while the old bells of St. Augustine's church on the cliff above were ringing a loud wedding peal.

"In the middle of the infernal region, I should say. I never heard such a horrid babel in my life," muttered Wood, as he stalked off, and I went to the boat.

"I expected that you would come, Mr. Fred," said old Dan. He always called me Mr. Fred. We had been great friends ever since he gave me my first lesson in rowing, when I was a very little fellow. I believe I took to him then wonderfully; and since that time he had never seemed to me to have changed nor to have grown older. He always was, as far back as I could remember, the same sturdy, broad-shouldered man, with the same bronzed face, and the same clear, keen, gray eye. He had been for several

years on board a man-of-war, but he was not a great talker on any subject, and never, I believe, spoke of his younger days. A superannuated, half-witted veteran, who lived in the town, declared that he was with Dan Baker on board H. M. S. Etna. But the veteran knew nothing about Dan's history, and Dan himself never told it to any one. There was something in it he evidently wished to conceal, and the odd name of his boat, the Faithless Maid, was the only ground on which curious people could build. He was, in spite of his taciturnity, a great favorite with us young fellows. We had christened him (but he seemed to have such a kindred spirit to the great Roman emperor. He was so unyielding and exact; so frugal in his diet, never drinking anything but water, eating very little, and never smoking. He always gave one the impression, when he spoke, that he had a vast amount of knowledge in him, but which he was unwilling to impart to others. He talked very slowly, bringing out each word with the greatest deliberation, as though he chewed and digested it well mentally before uttering it. But he was a good hostman, and was much sought after by the people, who were accustomed to make use of the pleasure boats at Cliffgate.

"Stumped" comes in these boats, mentioned Mr. Fred, the old fellow said suddenly, after he had pulled for some minutes without speaking.

"Ah, I suppose so," I answered carelessly, and without thinking what I said. My thoughts were just then turned upon a bet I had made, and which had happened rather oddly. It was between six of us: Ned Darrell, Wood, Lucas and one of his cousins, Andrews, and myself. And he who shook heads first with a certain young lady was to win the stakes. Ned called my attention to her as we were walking in the Rose Gardens, listening to the band.

"My Jove!" he said, slipping my arm, "there's a jolly girl."

She had very dark hair and eyes, which were rendered the more attractive by a bewitching little mauve hat, with a white veil tied behind in a bow. She was rather tall and slight, but very graceful; and her little feet as they peeped out every now and then from under her mauve dress—for the grass was rather damp, and the dress had to be held up—seemed perfect. She was accompanied by an old, soldierly-looking gentleman, and a young fellow, of about twenty-two or twenty-three years of age, was walking by her other side.

"Who is she?" I asked.

"I don't know," answered Ned. "Some new importation. Hello! here's Lucas; he is sure to know. I say, Lucas, my boy, who is that dark girl with the hat?"

"Oh, hang the girl with the rum-shaped hat! She's Letitia Turner. Everybody knows her ugly phiz."

"No; the one with the mauve hat and white veil. There! man alive! can't you see? There! just turning round at the end of the walk. Do you see her now?"

"Don't know her at all," said the other.

"Do you, John?" he asked, turning to his cousin.

"Never saw her before," said the cousin.

"But she's awfully swell."

Then Wood and Andrews strolled up. They asked us the very question we were going to ask them; so we discovered that the young lady was a perfect stranger to us all. Whereupon Lucas undertook to rout her out, as he called it, and tell us.

"I say, Lucas," said Ned, who was rather jealous of the ascendancy Lucas had gained over us in the honor of finding out and becoming acquainted with different young ladies, "I'll bet you anything you like that I'll shake hands with her before you will. There, Lucas, my boy, there's a fair bet for you."

"Done," cried Lucas.

Then Wood chimed in. "So will I, that I'll shake hands before either of you."

And then the rest came forward, each willing to make the same offer.

So the bet was made; and it was about it that I was thinking when Dan spoke to me.

"Very strange scenes," he said again, nodding at me over his oar. I suppose the expression had been well digested and proved wholesome, so he repeated it. "They say a London cabman could tell a good deal," he continued, still nodding. "But, bless you, sir, what can they see or hear? There they sit, hogging their poor horses, while the people are behind them, shut up in a rattling, rickety thing. They can't hear, sir. How can they? Now we, you see, Mr. Fred, when we come forward like this, we could almost hear the people, much more hear what they say."

To prove his assertion, old Dan suited his action to his words, and bent over his oars, leaning forward as far as he could. Having finished his long speech, he nodded again mysteriously, as if to say, "There, I have enlightened you quite enough for one day," and then pulled on again.

As he seemed inclined to be silent, and did not speak, my thoughts gradually reverted to our bet. Lucas had told us that the young lady was Miss Leith, that the old gentleman was Major Leith, and that they and Mr. Henry Leith were living at 6 Marine Gardens. So much information he had gathered from the Cliffgate Chronicle; but that was not an introduction, and "I see no chance of getting one," he said to me ruefully. All his numerous cousins had proved perfectly useless on this occasion. Among us Ned had been the most lucky. Miss Leith had



SWIMMING OUT TOO FAR.

bowed and thanked him when he picked up a book which she dropped upon the Parade. I came second. In passing once I was honored with a second look. The rest were nowhere; and just a week had elapsed since we made the bet. Up to the present time Miss Leith had been invisible, though we had all done our utmost to obtain an introduction. Not that any of us cared for the stakes; they were trifling enough; but there was a spirit of emulation at work within us for the honor of the first shake of the hand of the young lady. The more difficult it became the more eager we all were to win it. We had found out that nobody in the town knew her, so we were thrown upon our own resources.

She went down to the beach every morning when it was fine, and walked upon the Parade in the afternoon; but was always accompanied by either her father or the young fellow announced in the Chronicle as Mr. Henry Leith. Whether Mr. Henry Leith was her brother or her cousin, and in the latter case her lover, we could not find out. But we put him down for a brother.

We had told Dan about our bet, and he had promised to help us if he could. That, perhaps, was the chief reason why I seized the opportunity of having him to myself for an hour.

"Seen Miss Leith, Dan?"

The old fellow shook his head. "Heard she was fond of pulling, though," he said, after a short time.

"Oh, indeed?" I answered, as a thought struck me. "I say, Dan, I shall want your boat for two or three hours a-day for the next week or so."

Now Dan had been in the habit of lending me his boat, because he knew that I could pull and manage it properly. I did not anticipate any trouble in getting it, so I was surprised when he appeared to hesitate.

"What are you going to do with it, sir, may I ask?"

"Never you mind, Dan. You lend me the boat. What I do with it is nothing to you; that is, as long as I don't damage it."

"You are right, sir. You shall have it."

He smiled as he spoke, and I could easily see that he guessed for what purpose I wanted the boat. However, he said nothing till the hour was up. Then, as I was getting out, he called me by my name, and said in a low tone:

"I have known you now for a long time, Mr. Fred. Do mind what you are about, sir. Young women are changeable creatures. I should not like you to be taken in."

His voice was so sad, and his old bronzed face looked so troubled, that I knew he was speaking from experience,—perhaps from some bitter lesson he had learned in his youth, and which in some way accounted for the odd name of his boat.

"Come, old Cain," I said, "it is only to win the bet; I am not in love with the young lady. See you to-morrow. To-ta."

The next morning, according to our agreement, Dan brought the boat round to the part of the beach nearest to my house. I did not live in the town, but some ten minutes' walk from it, along the cliff, and there was a path from his house down to the beach. He found me there, dressed in an old boating suit, with my face hid as much as possible by a large slouching hat. I was then twenty-four, but looked a little older, and I meant in this disguise to lay siege to Miss Leith.

"Be careful, Mr. Fred," were the only words he said as we exchanged places; and then I pulled leisurely to where the visitors generally resorted. How all this would help me to obtain an introduction I was not quite clear; but I was, to tell the truth, jealous of her having spoken to Ned; and I thought that, at any rate, I should be able, in my capacity of boatman, to get a word from her. I had also a hazy idea that I might possibly give her hand a little shake as I helped her out of the boat, if ever I were fortunate enough to persuade her to come in. I thought that it would be extremely agreeable to sit opposite to her for an hour, hearing her talk, and almost near enough to kiss her, as Dan said, whenever I leant forward.

"Boat this morning, sir?" I said, as I pulled past the place where Miss Leith and her brother were sitting.

"Not this morning, thank you," he answered. "I had spoken as much like the Cliffgate boatmen as I was able. Lucas, too, had heard me, and looked up; but did not seem to recognize either me or my voice, and that emboldened me. Then the Major came down with his Times, and Mr. Leith left them for his morning bath. I saw him plunge in and swim out to sea; and, as I wanted to follow his example, I determined to pull home and change my clothes."

"Well, I will have one more try," I thought, "as I have to pass the Major. Perhaps he may like to go."

When I came up to him he had put down the paper, and was watching his son through a field-glass. Miss Leith was sitting at his feet, sketching and talking to him.

"I am afraid Harry is going out too far, Helen," I heard him say.

"But he is such a capital swimmer, papa. Where is he now?" She then closed her sketch-book and stood by his side, looking across the sunny water for her brother.

"There! That little black speck is his head. He is coming back now."

"Oh, what a way he is out! Oh, papa! what is the matter?" she said, as a strong cry from Mr. Leith reached her ears.

"Nothing, nothing. Keep still, girl," he said,

looking to me. In a minute he had disappeared into the boat, and we had left the beach.

"Papa! papa! He has got the wrong boat! A hundred pounds! If you touch him I will be angry!" Harry? He looked out. "How can you say that? He's the boat's crew up! Pull with your left. How can you be so stupid? Pull both. I don't know how to row!"

I have often rowed in a race, but I never pulled with such a will as I did on that day. The boat was the best in Cliffgate, and it seemed to fly over the water as I put all my strength, and weight into each stroke. I have been a fine collection of rowing medals upon the beach running about, while the Major stood in the stern, without moving or speaking, watching his sinking son.

"Oh, my God, he is down!" burst from the old gentleman, as he sank backwards upon the seat and covered his face with his hands.

I can remember dropping the oars and tearing off my hat and boots. As I turned round I saw, across six yards from the head of the boat, a hand rise, then a head—It was his last struggle—and then both went down together. A moment afterwards I was in the water, catching hold of something large and white, and rising with it to the surface. Here I found it: I don't know; but I knew it was the young man. I felt his arm cling to my neck, and his weight pull me down. I could swim well; and as my head rose above the water, and I cast the glowing light on my face, my love of earth seemed to leave me, and the thought of death was terrible, that I struggled hard to keep afloat. But my clothes were thick and impeded my limbs. His arms were tightly clasped around my neck, and his dead weight was pulling, forever pulling, me down.

Then something dark came between me and the light, and the old boat, with the Major in it, glided past almost as soon as I began. I made a dash—a rope was trailing in the water—and as I caught it, and pulled myself with my burden to the side, I heard the shout from the beach, and felt the Major's hand clasping his son's arms from my neck.

"I'll hold him; you get in at the other side. Come, that's well done," he said, as we lifted Mr. Leith into the boat. "Now you row in, and I'll soon bring him to."

It was not the first time, as I afterwards learnt, that the Major had helped to resuscitate a half-drowned person. He knew exactly what to do, and under his skillful treatment his son opened his eyes before we reached the shore.

"I must dress him before I can convey him home," said the Major.

So I took them to the young fellow's machine, and then pulled away, partly to change my clothes and partly to avoid being known. I succeeded in the latter, even better than I had hoped; for when I met the Major and his daughter on the Parade, in the afternoon, they did not recognize me. I had left my slouching hat at home, and my hair and whiskers were not then plastered to my face with water. I also found out that nobody had noticed me in the morning; so I determined to play on my new character of boatman. Whereupon, the next day assuming the old disguise, I went forth again in search of fresh adventure.

"Oh! there he is, papa," Miss Leith said, as I passed.

"Ah, so he is. Here, my man, we will go for a pull to-day. How are you this morning? Caught no cold yesterday, I hope?"

"By Jove! I don't know how to thank you," said Mr. Henry, shaking his hand as soon as he was in the boat. "But I want to have a jaw with you some time."

Then the Major, muttering some thanks, held out his hand; and Miss Leith gave me her brightest smile, which I prized more than all.

"How strange, papa," she said, reading the name of the boat. "You know Miss Henry told us to have this one before we came."

"Bless me, yes. I have heard a good deal about you, Mr. Baker. I heard that you were very sober, and very respectable, and all that sort of thing. It seems to me, too, that you were not always a boatman," he said, glancing at my hands, which were rather whiter than the dipper of the sons of Neptune usually are.

"So, if you like to give up this sort of life, why, I'll take care that you always have a snug roof over your head."

I thanked him very much; but I told him that I liked my life very well. In fact I was fairly stumped as to what to say. I felt half inclined to laugh at being taken for old Dan; and yet I felt that the Major ought not to be allowed to continue in his mistake.

"You seem very young to be such a hermit. Come, you must marry. I will find you a wife, and keep her well, too."

"Yes, you must forget the Faithless Maid now," said Miss Leith, smiling again. I suppose she had heard some of the conjectures about Dan's life.

"I do not mean to be inquisitive," the Major said, "but I cannot bear to see a young man like you, and one too who is so superior to this sort of work, settling down to such a life. Remember what we owe to you. Will you not tell me your trouble? I may be able to help you; and I swear I won't spare money or trouble to make you happy."

Although, of course, I did not want any pecuniary help, his kind way in offering it, and the fatherly manner in which he put his hand upon my shoulder as I bent forwards, made me

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much trouble by his bad conduct, "why is
you behaved so well when you first came to
col, and are so disobedient now?" "Be-
s," said young hopeful, looking up into
trader's face, "I wasn't much acquainted
"

as he had done in Essex street. Close at the heels, he held out his hand.

"Thank you for your kindness," said Lord. "But I am very sorry you should have troubled yourself to come with me. It must have hindered your day greatly."

"Never mind; I shall catch it up," he answered, looking at his watch. "I do not like to see you in these London streets alone. I cannot forget that Dr. Darnall was once my dear friend, and that you're his daughter."

And dropping her hand, which he had taken in farewell, he turned away at a rapid pace.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SOMEBODY'S DARLING.

Into a ward of the whitewashed halls,
Where the dead and dying lay,
Wounded by bayonets, shells and balls,
Somebody's darling was borne one day—
Somebody's darling, so young and so brave,
Wearing yet on his pale sweet face,
Soon to be hid by the dust of the grave,
The lingering light of his boyhood's grace.

Matted and damp are the curls of gold,
Kissing the snow of that fair young brow;
Pale are the lips of delicate mould—
Somebody's darling is dying now.
Back from his beautiful blue-veined brow
Brush all the wandering waves of gold,
Cross his hands on his bosom now,
Somebody's darling is still and cold.

Kiss him one for somebody's sake,
Murmur a prayer soft and low;
One bright curl from his fair mass take,
They were somebody's pride, you know;
Somebody's hand hath rested there—
Was it a mother's, soft and white?
And have the lips of a sister fair
Been baptized in the waves of life?

God knows best! he has somebody's love;
Somebody's heart enshrined him there;
Somebody's waif he named above,
Night and morn, on the wings of prayer,
Somebody wept when he marched away,
Looking so handsome, brave and grand;
Somebody's kiss on his forehead lay,
Somebody clung to his parting hand.

Somebody's waiting and watching for him,
Yearning to hold him again to their heart;
And there his lies with his blue eyes dim,
And the smiling child-like lips apart,
Tenderly bury the fair young dead,
Pausing to drop on his grave a tear,
Carve on the wooden slab at his head,
"Somebody's darling slumbers here."

LORD LYNN'S WIFE.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE FEVER AT PITCHAM.

Mr. Malinwaring's report of the condition of Pitcham Cross Roads was not in the least exaggerated. The long straggling village was at no time in a state that would have won the approbation of the Board of Health; but in ordinary years it got on with only a percentage of ague over and above that which the adjacent hamlets could reckon. The village was a neglected one, and the people poor. There had been Works there once, but nothing remained of them but a tall brick chimney, some sheds, and a quantity of slag and scoria—nothing but these, and such a portion of the floating population as had proved too lazy, too hopeless, or too imprudent to follow the receding gales of manufactures to more northern regions. For one or other of these reasons, a number of ragged families, chiefly Irish, remained behind, leading a precarious life, and eking out the scanty wages they picked up in farm-work by as free range to the rats as the guardians would permit.

Mr. Killick had often groined over the state of the place, but his influence was smaller than it ought to have been. Neither the villagers nor Mr. West, the nominal squire, would listen to the doctor. Indeed, Mr. West was an embarrassed man, seldom able to spare more than a few pounds to blanket-funds and clothing-club, and groaning piteously over even these compulsory disbursements. It was labor lost to ask such a land-owner as this, most of whose rents were received by a sharp, money-lending firm at Thavies's Inn, for the benefit of mortgages, real or imaginary, to repair houses and set drains to rights. Nor were the cottagers able or willing to execute such improvements at their own charge. They said, as their landlord said, that Mr. Killick was doubtless very right, but that it could not be helped. Then the crash came. Five cases of fever were reported, then seven, and in a few days there were from thirty to forty sufferers under the flag of typhus.

What Mr. Killick had expected, came to pass. The Wests went off, fairly frightened, to the seaside, at the first outbreak of the pest. Mrs. West, to be sure, left the doctor five pounds towards buying delicacies for the sick, and the squire gave as much for medicines for his poorer tenants; but that was all; they could not stay; and away they went, leaving the surgeon and the vicar, with their hard-working wives, to cheer the pale-stricken, tend the dying, and do what they could for those whose affliction was almost more than they could bear.

In this emergency, Mr. Killick found a very useful auxiliary in his niece, Lydia Crawshaw. That young lady had for a long while been in a very snappish and irritable frame of mind, on account of the non-performance of Miss Darcy's promises. She had received two letters from the future poetess—nothing, well-ordered letters, but still mere words written with ink on paper, not facts. The sixty pounds that Miss Crawshaw had wrung from Aurelia, and every penny of which had been faithfully transmitted to her mother, now burdened with the maintenance of her two great hungry sons, and clamorous for help, were facts, something hard and tangible. But Miss Crawshaw was by no means equally sure that Aurelia's smiling assurance, given when the surgeon's niece had paid a second visit to Beechborough Hall, that her brother Tom's case had been pressed on the notice of the Admiralty, and that Lord Lynn had every hope of procuring his speedy nomination to the rank of assistant-paymaster in some ship actually in commission, was also fact. Rear-admiral Wryll was, as Miss Crawshaw was aware, high in official position, and could probably secure Thomas Crawshaw the desired post, and even that speedy promotion at which Miss Darcy hinted. But Miss Crawshaw grew more and more testy and intractable as time went on, and Tom and Willie remained in Ball street to share the widow's

crust, and could find nothing else to do but to ruminate about the docks with their strong red-trunked hands left free from the process of their shabby shoeing-out, growing over the dreary dimensions of their prospects, and in much danger of getting into evil habits and bad company from sheer lack of better things.

Another cause for the impatience with which dark Lydia waited for the price of her surgery was the fear that the wound she had had hitherto maintained her influence over Aurelia was gradually slipping from her grasp. She had a vague suspicion that her former friend was sampling from the dice, such as they were, that bound her to her confidence of other days, and might soon be beyond her reach. Should this brilliant marriage take place before Miss Crawshaw had received what she deemed her due, who knew whether the doctor might not be borne aloft in the charmed chariot of prosperity, beyond the power of the baffled creditor? The contest, if such there were, between a person of England, rich, honest, strong in her rights and in the world's friendship, and as well able to carry living women to sea every one of her advantages without mercy or scruple against her lovely antagonist—the contest between Lady Lynn and Miss Crawshaw would be a very unequal one. It is true that the ex-companion possessed a weapon, held in reserve as yet, by the aid of which she had been used to believe that she could lay her opponent in the dust as surely as the smooth side from David's sling brought down the might of Goliath. But to employ this means of victory was to lose its fruits, all save revenge; and revenge, even if Miss Crawshaw had been more vindictive than to do her justice, she was would be a costly luxury. In raising her enemy, she ran the risk of being herself crushed. Her hopes of propping up what she knew, most depend on Aurelia's presence, not on Aurelia's downfall or disgrace; and a scandal could not benefit Miss Crawshaw, who had not her own bread to earn, but the well of her whole family to strive for.

In fact, Miss Crawshaw was in the difficulty in which thousands before her have found themselves, anxious to squeeze the sponge, but fearing to drain it dry by hasty handling—eager to secure the golden eggs, but afraid to spoil their harvest by killing the bird outright. She knew not whether it were best to be silent or troublesome, and hence she kept her own nerves perpetually on the stretch. Under these circumstances the outbreak of the fever excited her rather than distressed her. She was a stout, hearty little creature, and loved bustle and turmoil as the war-horse loves the trumpet sound; she was an indefatigable volunteer in nursing the sick, and trudged steadily about the village, fetching and carrying phylloxera, broth, jelly, arrowroot, wine, anything and everything, and finding time to read, exhort, comfort, or scold, as the exigencies of the case might require. She was very useful and active, and even praised from the vicar and his wife, as well as from her aunt and uncle, which last named relative told her, in no many words, that she "did more good than half his bark and gossamer," while he cautioned her not to knock herself up by over exertion; to which Miss Crawshaw made answer, that it was not natural to her to sit with her hands before her, and that she rather enjoyed the excitement of bustling with the pest than otherwise.

The weather grew colder and the fever slackened. There were a good many fresh mounds of withy-bound turf in the churchyard, to be sure, and not a few yellow, dim-eyed convalescents tottering feebly about, with the aid of sticks and friendly arms, and who wanted a great deal more port wine and calf's-foot jelly than Mr. Killick could coax out of the authorities of the Union. The fever was conquered, and was fast being trodden out and extirpated; and the Wests, tired of their sea-side lodgings, had written to their housekeeper to announce their return, when a new case occurred. It occurred in this wise: Miss Crawshaw, who had worked very hard in the good cause, not from any exalted motives, and certainly not from any mean ones, but because the Killicks worked, and the vicar and Mrs. Pearson worked, and it was her nature to work, began to feel, now the fight was over, how very tired she was. Hurried meal, foul air, deficient sleep, exposure to wet and cold, these are not calculated to strengthen and fortify the constitution, though they may often be faced with impunity, and often are faced, for the sake of the perishing. But Miss Crawshaw had an unquiet mind, and a conscience that pricked her sometimes, and especially when she lay tossing and restless at night, and she was not so strong as she thought herself.

At any rate, coming back from the Byrnes' cottage, that one of those Irish families that had fared the worst during the fever, and who had still two of the surviving children meaning under a sackcloth quilt, Miss Crawshaw felt ill—merely a dull weariness and lassitude, not to be wondered at, after all she had done, and a slight, very slight headache. Miss Crawshaw dragged herself home, walking in a slow, listless manner. She crawled rather than walked up stairs, and dropped into the old-fashioned arm-chair, covered with gaudy, faded chintz, that stood beside her little white bed with its spotless curtains. She was glad to be there, and gave a sigh of relief. Then she untied her bonnet strings, with fingers that were slow and awkward in doing their familiar office, and tossed her bonnet on the bed.

"Tiresome thing! It makes my head ache," said Miss Crawshaw, passing her short fingers through her braids of coal-black hair, and dragging them back from her temples with the same peevish impatience as her former gesture had betrayed. She sat quite still for a few minutes with her eyes closed, but she was not asleep; her thoughts were busy. She was thinking of Aurelia, who was to be married very soon now; for Anna, that never tired, had brought the wedding-day of Lord Lynn and Miss Darcy very near indeed; and no berth under government had yet been found for Tom or for Willie. Aurelia had sent more money and more fair words, but nothing else. And Miss Crawshaw, in guessing that her ungrateful patroness was reluctant really to urge the claims of the Brothers Crawshaw, or to show any special interest in her humble friend, had guessed very nearly the truth. Aurelia was unwilling to give cause to any one, and, above all, to her future husband, to imagine that Miss Crawshaw had any influence over her, or that her interest in that black-eyed damsel was more than casual and condescending. She preferred to keep her importunate petitioner ungratified until she should be firm in her new station; and then—why, then, if Lydia were still bent on her purpose, Aurelia knew very well that two words from a person as fashionable and sought after as she intended to be, would land two such very small aspirants as the Messieurs Crawshaw on the shelf of official clerkdom.

It is wonderful how often people would succeed

better in this world if they were only a little less selfish. This was a case in point. Had Aurelia felt but a spark of human affection for her old confidante of many a girlish fancy, had she honestly begged Lord Lynn to make it a point with Admiral Wryll that the next vacancy should be filled by Thomas Crawshaw, and had she cast about among her friends for some one who could have filled Willie to the modest eminence of a stool in the inland Revenue Office, it might have been better for her. Had she even trusted the surgeon's niece on the subject of the respected prisoner, now in illegal detour at the hands of Kinsley Brown and her raffish set, the sequel of her history might have been different. But she did none of these things. She went on boldly in her blind way like the doomed in the dread belief of the fatalist, and owned no guide but her own supposed interest.

It was in a great measure due to this conduct of Aurelia's that Lydia Crawshaw, sitting like one struck stupid in the great office-chamber by the bed, and gazing at the door with her head bowed, and in a sullen colloquy: "Knock, knock, knock, as if my temples were bowing! This is something new. I never have a headache. I hope I am not going to be ill. Ill—pooh! I am a goose. I am only a little tired, that is all."

Only a little tired!—no tired that, after a week's attempt to dress for dinner after such a fashion as the rule of Mr. Killick's house dictated, she lay down upon the bed, trembling, shivering, with a heavy head, with pulses that beat feverily, and a languor that was unexpressed. The maid, coming up to say that dinner waited, and getting no answer to her knock, entered the room, and ran down with a frightened face to report that the young lady did not seem to be well, and lay helpless without speaking. Then Mrs. Killick went up, and came hurrying to fetch her husband, who looked very serious as he took Lydia's wrist between his sunburnt fingers, and noted how terribly accelerated was the pulse.

"Has the got the fever, my dear? I thought as much. Get her to bed at once. There, there; don't cry; she'll pull through. Never knew a better constitution in my life," said the doctor, and his sound practical judgment was correct as far as it went; but to minister to a mind diseased was beyond his skill, and he did not even know that his niece had anything on her mind. He was from home most part of the day, and when he came home was prone to rum and water, and such repose as he could match with a silk handkerchief over his face; and he thought Lydia a good plain sort of girl, without a nonsense in her disposition. She had got the fever now, sinking as many amateur-nurses do, when the disease has been exercised out of the bodies of their patients. But Mr. Killick had little fear. The girl would have care and kind treatment, and her constitution was tough, and her courage approved. He knew nothing of her inner life, nothing of her claim upon Aurelia Darcy.

So Miss Crawshaw lay fever-stricken, but likely to get well. Her aunt was a good nurse, her uncle a shrewd surgeon, and she wanted for nothing. When Mr. Killick, some four-and-twenty hours after Lydia's falling ill, was called away to a distance to attend one of his most valuable patients, old Mrs. Bligh of Bosted House, who had had a second stroke of paralysis, he committed the sufferer in his own dwelling cheerfully to his wife's care.

"It's all plain sailing," he said; "give her the medicine regularly, as it's labelled; keep the room cool, and don't let her drink anything but the tonic and water or the linseed tea. If she has a fancy for anything not bad for her—a book or the *Illustrated London News*—don't thwart her. I shall not be back till lunch to-morrow, perhaps not then."

Misled by her husband's words, misled by his tone of easy confidence, and, above all, misled by her niece's quiet, sensible demeanor, Mrs. Killick indulged Miss Crawshaw by bringing her an unlimited supply of stationery.

"Please give me pen and ink, and plenty of paper, for I should like to write. It is so stupid, lying idle, and counting the threads in the bed-curtains. I should like to write a good long letter; I'm sure I should be the better for it."

So said Miss Crawshaw; and unsuspicious Mrs. Killick brought her what she demanded, only stipulating that she should wrap herself up, and avoid catching cold; and then Mrs. Killick went to look after her children, and to see into various matters of domestic economy. Miss Crawshaw turned the pen, wolfishly, when her aunt's back was turned, and counted out the sheets of paper as a miser counts his gold. She exulted in the doctor's absence, and her own freedom from supervision. Her body was weak, and her hand unsteady, but her mind was clear. All her faculties were concentrated into one absorbing purpose. She stretched out a shaking arm, and drew the table on which the lamp stood nearer to the bed; then she caught up the pen again, and her black eyes glittered with a dangerous light.

"Let her thank herself for what happens. I owe her nothing, nothing," said she; and she began to write. Her hand trembled, and the characters were ill-formed, but it was touching to see with what great pains and care she did her best to write legibly. She wrote, and wrote, and wrote, concealing the written sheets beneath the bolster of her bed. Then, when at last she heard her aunt's step on the stair, she pushed the writing materials from her and feigned to be asleep. But when the house was hushed, at the dead of the night, Miss Crawshaw arose, lit a candle by the aid of the weak flickering lamp, and wrote on, stealthily and fast, while the hectic gathered in her cheeks and the damp gathered on her brow. "By the help of this," she panted out, with a terrible exultation, that contrasted fearfully with her ghastly face—"by the help of this, if I die, she will be forced yet to bestow the dear ones at home. If I die! But, O that my brain may remain clear, that I may tell all!"

As she bent over her work, and as the paper cracked and rustled as she turned over page after page, it was strange to see how hard she fought against physical weakness and mental weariness. Her strong will, second in strength only to that of Aurelia, drove back the mists that began to cloud her fevered brain, it forced her hot hand to guide the pen, and fixed her blood-shot eyes upon the manuscript. Miss Crawshaw was not a pattern to her sex, but she was very true to the one all-engrossing sentiment that was the pole-star of her life. She, who had never known what love was, who had no philanthropy about her, had thrown the whole force of her narrow but fiery soul into the passionate attachment she bore to her own immediate kin and kin. We meet with such scalds now and then among women—people who would wrap a world in flames to provide for their own little Maries and Harries, for mother and sister, brother and uncle. Miss Crawshaw was one of these.

She had resolved, at any price to her own health, then hanging in the balance between death and life, to write a clear and intelligible narrative of these transactions in which she had been Aurelia's ally. Armed with this document she felt assured that her relations, in the event of her dying on her present sick bed, would be able to define such terms to the haughty Kinsley Brown as should enable them to rise far over out of the slough of poverty. And she only hesitated, when the first few sheets were filled up, as to whether she should take time to write a letter of explanation to her mother, or one requesting her uncle, Mr. Killick, carefully to seal up and deliver the papers, should she die without having leisure to forward the packet to Liverpool. But she decided against this proposition as a useless waste of precious time.

"Let me employ the precious hours well, while my memory holds good," she said, resuming her labors. "My mind is full of the past. To-morrow I will write the latter home, ay, and speak to my uncle Killick. To-morrow!" And she wrote on, painfully, anxiously, though her brain and her eyes neither till she could hardly see the characters traced by the quill; and she let the pen drop away from between her fingers, making great blotches and smears across the paper, and even on the counterpane, and fell back with swimming eyes upon the pillow, and there lay, while the candle burned down into its socket, and flickered and spluttered out the drops of its life, in the gray winter-light of earliest dawn. When the servant girl crept yawning into the chamber, just before the clock struck its eighth stroke, she almost screamed at finding Miss Crawshaw lying like a dead creature, rigid and speechless, with her outstretched hands buried in a heap of freshly written manuscript. She ran to fetch her mistress, and Mrs. Killick was so frightened as herself. When the surgeon came back, he found his patient in a high fever, delirious, restless, burning hot, and unable to recognize familiar faces or to speak coherently.

"Upon my word, my dear, you have looked after your niece to some purpose! If the girl dies, you'll know who deserves thanks for it, Mrs. Killick," said the doctor, with a roughness quite unusual to him when speaking to his wife. "Where are those confounded papers she was writing, and why does it all mean?"

"I put them into the table-drawer," sobbed Mrs. Killick. "Here's the key. If anything should happen—"

The surgeon took the key, and thrust it into his waistcoat pocket, and then went down stairs to compound medicaments. His face was very grave indeed.

CHAPTER XIX.

FOR LIBERTY.

At about the same hour at which the slipshod servant-maid, creeping reluctantly down from her warm bed in the attic, entered Miss Crawshaw's sick-chamber, to be scared by what she saw there, a prisoner lay watching greedily for the pale rays of the tardy dawn. The Queen's prisoners—fines and thieves—lie upon coardest mattresses, under warm blankets, in airy cells. They are well fed, not overworked, and properly cared for by nurses and chaplains. Their wardens stand in rows and file of them, and they of their wardens, and handcuffs and leg-irons are only for the refractory and incorrigible. But this was a captive indeed. He lay upon straw and shavings, covered by a frowy old rug, and the damp cold of the cellar where he was shut in pierced him to the bone. There were iron bars on his feet; they clanked as he stirred. It had been an ineffable gratification to Game Dick to fasten on those irons, made by a friendly blacksmith at a not too thriving forge miles away—a blacksmith who asked a fancy price, and no rude questions. The knave and jail-bird who riveted those fetters on the limbs of an honest man checked with dry humor as he played his new part. "Turn and turn about," he had said. "Dick a dubsman! What next?" The place of confinement was such as no modern Home Secretary or visiting justices would sanction as fit for the humane custody of even a garrotter. It was a very long cellar, with a brick floor, on which grew rank yellow moss and sickly white fungi, with brick walls and a roof, the rough joists of which were visible through gaps in the rotten plaster. Light came filtered through four squares of bottle-green glass, protected by a thick grating of rusty iron. This dim skylight window was situated at the top of a narrow and steeply-sloping aperture, and a second series of iron bars guarded it from access on the part of anything stouter than a weasel. There was but one door to the cellar, and that was the heavy wooden trap that gave entrance to the vault from the back-kitchen of the toll-keeper's house. The same trap which Mrs. Brown had lifted when Nicholas and Game Dick had brought in the laudable burden of the stranger's body. This door was secured by two bolts, by the near neighborhood of a yelping cur, always alive to his duty of barking at unusual noises, and by the vicinity of the Brown family, one of whose members, Nicholas, always slept on a truckle-bed in the little shop. It would have been hardly possible for the cleverest captive to force the trap-door, to pass the dog, and to step over Nicholas Brown's bed undetected.

The inmate of that dismal den had very little light. The winter's day was sadly short to him; the nights were endless in their black darkness. His squallid window, in which the iron bars and the bull's eyes of the coarse glass obscured half the pale rays, faced eastward; but if day began the earlier on that account, it closed early too. Five hours in murky weather, six or seven when the sky was frosty clear; he could reckon on no more; and that was but a period of modified obscurity, of dim twilight. Eyes not accustomed to the gloom of the subterranean could not have distinguished more than the outline of the prisoner's form. When the self-elected jailer, Nicholas or Game Dick, came down with a supply of food, he brought a candle with him, even at noon; but he left no candle behind him, and the solitary creature below spent the long night in darkness and cold.

He had borne his imprisonment without murmuring. From first to last those who held him captive had never heard the sound of his voice. Obstinate dumb to questions, however coaxing or threateningly put, apparently indifferent to hardship, and either answering cuffs and ill-usage by a snarl of animal menace, or sunk in apparent apathy, this strange man had seemed below the level of humanity. Those who had him in charge were desirous to keep him alive for their own ends, and would have given him warmer clothing, better food, anything he asked, liberty excepted, had he but craved for them or shown signs of illness. But he was silent as an Indian at the torture-stake, and never uttered a

syllable of commiseration or complaint, nor availed with bright, piercing eyes, which might have told him. This constant, unbroken Game Dick, who declared that whether the "bigger was mortal deep, or green as grass," he, Richard Flowerdew, could not tell; and for some time Game Dick made frequent inquiries, at irregular intervals, into the cellar, combing the iron bars of the window, the trap-door, the face of the prisoner, all in his vague fear of some subtle plan of escape.

But Game Dick, tired of this work, and meeting in evil hour with some chance of the following week, fresh from London, he had obtained all in becoming and robbery a dinner at Jonathan Fels, was apprehended on the premises, and being remarkably well known to the police, was fully committed to take his trial at the assizes. Then the Browns were left, not a little to their secret joy, to guard the captive, and to ensure the heavy chain of the imprisoned wretch. Nicholas laughed at the idea of their charge's escape. "The best custodian on the bay couldn't do it," he said, "let alone a post-office clerk."

But Nicholas was unaware of the weight and power of the motion that impelled his prisoner to a display of endurance, persistence, and self-reliance beyond the comprehension of vulgar officers untroubled by the contemplation of crime. When over the railing entered the cell, where a stranger had stood away his night-long weary brought from the one-room, long before the trap-door was established—he found the constant arrival, as in a state of complete insensibility, on the straw. But had Mr. Brown paid a sudden official visit to the vault on the early light came coming through the window, he would have seen something that would have startled him from his complacent security; he would have seen the prisoner, no longer apathetic, but alert and active, with a terrible earnestness in his wasted face, in the very motion of his long hands, huddling closer to the window, and beginning to work. Thus—first, stooping down, he touched the heavy iron on his feet, and, as if by magic, they fell with one clank upon the straw. There was no witchcraft in the matter, though nothing but the magic of industry and dogged determination. With a bit of iron hoop, that had once bound a cask of French brandy, notched by the aid of a crooked nail till it could do duty for a file, the shackles nearest the rings that encircled the prisoner's limbs had been cut through and through. No easy work. It had taken two days to make the file, nine to cut through the fetters, and the workman's hands had been pained and scorched by the imperfect tools, but he had never ceased working, save during those hours when a visit from his jailers might be expected. The iron fillets had been heedlessly swept away, the shackles wrung in straw, and tied, so as to keep them apparently intact, and a wisp of straw had been cradled around each of the wearer's ankles, as if to guard them from the painful chafing of the hard metal. The chains were still there, but a touch would snap them.

This was but the needful preliminary of the prisoner's toil. That work of scraping away iron, atom by atom, grain by grain, could be done by night. It was some relief, in the long sleepless hours, to feel that every motion of the file brought the hour of deliverance a little, a very little nearer. But the other needful work required light, and the only available light was that which the sun gave so grudgingly through the dirty panes. It was almost beyond endurance to lie, shivering between waking and uneasy sleep, through the Egyptian darkness of the night, and to feel the ceaseless gnawing of the one ever-present thought—"Too late! After all that I have planned, done, suffered, the day may come and go, and I may be too late!"

There were times when the desperate wretch was ready to dash out his brains against the walls of his cell; but never in the hours when work was safe, and this was one of them. First, he drew from under his heap of shavings and straw that served him for a bed a fragment of slate, marked with Arabic numerals very neatly cut in it with the point of a nail. This was his record—his almanac. By the aid of this he counted the days as he went on; and at the end of the list, more deeply cut, and larger than the rest, was the figure that represented a certain day soon to come, a day he had learned by mere accident, after weeks of stealthy listening to every scrap of talk that his guardians let fall as they conversed in the kitchen above. Such conversations rarely occurred, for the back part of the house, beneath which the cellar lay, was but seldom entered, and though one of the gang always stayed beside the trap while another descended into the vault, for fear of some sudden ebullition of fury on the part of the prisoner, it was not often any spoken words that had an interest for the morbidly acute ear that hungered and thirsted for tidings, reached the depths below. But at last, as if by chance, the old woman, with a feminine interest in weddings which age and avarice could not quite banish, had said, as she came to meet her surly son passing up the narrow brick stairs of the cellar, after carrying his food to the inmate of that lair:

"The wedding-day's fixed, it seems; it's to be on the 30th of December. She told me so herself when she gave me the bank-notes, as agreed upon, and—"

But here the massive flap of wood was slammed down and bolted; and the noise of the falling trap, and the harsh grinding of the rusty bolts, drowned the rest of Mrs. Brown's speech. Neither the old woman nor her son had any idea that the information which had unwittingly conveyed to the imprisoned wretch below would fall as gratefully upon his ear as dew on the parched turf in summer. Now he knew the worst; now he had a definite purpose to work out within a definite period. The joy with which he heard the news was strangely mingled with pain; but he smiled savagely as he finished the list of days he was scratching on the fragment of slate, and cut the numerals that represented the 30th of December deep and deeper than the rest.

"I shall remember that day," he said between his shut teeth, and as if the words had been engraved on his heart, like the name of lost Calais on that of the dying English Queen, he often started from his fitful sleep, and cried out bitterly: "The day! the day! I may be too late, too late. Oh! will the morning never come, that I may work, work!"

And he would lie with his eyes fixed on the window far above his reach, waiting for the first cold beams of wintry light, that he might hurry to his self-imposed toil.

His fetters removed, and his little calendar laid by under the straw, the prisoner then produced from some hiding-place a large spike-nail, a short thick piece of wood, and a piece of rusty sheet-iron, all of which lay in the shallow lid of

on old basket, and all of which were invaluable to their present quest, as the only instruments at their command. The epileptic, indeed, disappeared and ground on a loose stone, made a terrible shriek, such as an action would have produced, on a stone, but which had been in the eye of the rude Southern bandits when the white first reached their shores. By his help he had begun a task, the first stages of which were the most arduous and the most likely to detection, a task almost beyond the conception of Game Dick, who had never before broken prison twice during his career of crime.

Listening, like the hare when the hounds are at fault, and she steals, with ears laid back and slotted far, along the hedge, the captive waited motionless for a moment, and then, apparently satisfied that no interruption was imminent, began his work. First, some large patches of moss that incumbered the eastern wall were removed, but with as tender care as the most cautious burglar could exercise. Then, in gathering some useless vegetable refuse, the moss was pressed and moist, and no wonder, for it was kept in its place by a tremendous piece of wet clay, artificially concealed beneath the withering tufts. The piece of short-iron, which was knife and saw, and trowel and shovel, in one, soon removed the moss, and laid the brick-work bare. Had Game Dick or his partners in rascality chosen to inspect that brick-work, they would not have been much the wiser. The dark-red bricks, the stained mortar, looked exactly like the rest of the cellar-wall; and yet, at the first touch of the epileptic, out came the mortar, piece by piece, and first one brick, and then another, and another, was drawn silently from its place, and ranged on the floor, the chips of dry mortar lying between the bricks to which they belonged, and each of the bricks being laid in regular order, like the parts of a child's puzzle, so that no doubt could exist as to the manner in which they should be replaced when their turn came. Down came brick after brick, until a gaping aperture was left in the wall, large enough to admit a full-grown man on hands and knees. And beyond the brickwork was a dark cavity, whence the murky earth that lay beneath the mould of the widow's garden had been scooped away. Into this cavity the prisoner crawled, like a rat into its hole, and after again listening breathlessly, pursued his work, skillful and patient as a mole in its underground gallery.

His plan of escape was simple in appearance, but its very simplicity was adapted to baffle the cunning of ordinary knaves and ruffians like those in whose power he lay. Had he essayed to fly away the window-barricade, to cut through the trap-door, to overpower the amateur jailer who brought him his pittance of food and water, he would probably have failed, and especially while Game Dick was still hanging about the turnpike. But to burrow away out, through earth and wall, was a labor that nothing but the most stubborn resolution, skill and self-denial could achieve, and no notion of such a danger to their probable gains ever entered the heads of Aurelia's agents. They sincerely believed that their captive's mind was too much clouded for a coherent purpose to take root there.

"The chap was always queer," Dick had said on the very morning of his own little misunderstanding with Justice on the score of the robbery at Heavron Fair—"always queer, and that rap you gave him, Nick Brown, has added him quite. You hit him too hard; I said so at the time."

But the object of their scornful compassion was as intent upon his plan as the wildest statesman on his master-stroke of diplomacy; more so, indeed, for his whole being, and hopes, and thoughts were all fused into the one deep, engrossing fury of his eagerness. For this he was patient, for this he labored, for this he watched, counterfeited, crept, kept true to his task. Every handful of earth drawn forth from the bank, every inch gained towards the upper air, brought him nearer to the fulfillment of his project. He worked now as no hireling could have done.

He had chosen the eastern wall, because he heard twice a day the creaking of the stiff windlass of the garden-well close by. It was so near, that well, that he could hear the dull thumping of the full bucket; as it touched the side of the well in its ascent, and the clank of the chain as the bucket was unhooked. The well lay to the east of the cellar; the distance was short; if he could but tunnel, without discovery, till he reached the well, he should be able to escape. The rope was kept dangling in the shaft of the well; he knew that. His quick ear had never failed to catch the sound of its fall and vibration against the slinky walls. The brick-work of the well once reached, once pierced, he could swing himself up by night, climbing hand over hand, and be free hours before his flight would be known.

But hard as he toiled, carrying away the earth in small loads in his basket-lid, laying it on the floor of the vault, behind a pile of loose bricks and rubbish, which made a convenient screen across one portion of the cellar, stamping it flat, and heaping shavings and brick-dust over the fresh mound, he took a wrong direction, and missed the well after all by a yard or two. But he had pushed his tunnel very near to the surface of the garden itself; he started sometimes when he heard the smothered sound of voices talking overhead, as he bent, with stiffened limbs and cramped fingers, over his toil; and his fear was lest the earth should cave in suddenly, and betray him to his enemies. One more day, two more days, would surely suffice. He had been forced of late to take the precaution of propping up the roof of the excavation with such broken bits of board, and old staves of casks, and scraps of rotting poles, as he could find among the rubbish in the cellar; but the day—December the 30th—was so very near now. After all that cruel labor and more great suspense, if he should fail, after all! He worked so long as he dared, and then with a sigh crawled out of the pit, and busied himself in replacing, dexterously and rapidly, the portion of the wall which he had removed. Every brick was set in its old place, every piece of mortar fitted into the interstice to which it belonged; a little of the green mould from the dampest part of the vault was rubbed over the cracks; and the moss, carefully moistened with water from the pucker that stood beside a pie-dish half-filled with broken meat, was fixed with clay to the wall where it had once grown rankly. Then the tools were hidden, the shovels were re-sharpened, and the prisoner lay down beneath the heavy rug, on the straw and shavings, and pretended to be asleep like some animal in a cage.

He felt the cold, now that he had ceased to work; he shivered, and a dull leaden pain settled on his face, lately so keen in the expression. It was not more than an hour before noon. Brown would soon come. He came twice a day. Twice a day, or oftener, the captive's labor had to cease till the visit was past.

"It is very cold here, and dark," he muttered, "and no friend ever comes. Aurelia—"

He started as if a serpent had bitten him. All the stupor and dull pain that his plucked face had begun to show were gone in a moment; his eyes were brilliant, lustreless, full of fire and resolution. He looked down at his hands, which he had begun to shake, for the effects of warmth, and now that they were the objects of his own gaze, they seemed to him as well as his face, and then after a breathless pause, felt under his clothes for the bolt he was concealed. Yes, it was there still, and the gold pieces were there, safe. His pockets had been emptied when he was first brought in, and his pistol, and his penknife, and his purse, had been taken away. There was not much money in the purse—half a sovereign and some silver—but those in whose hands he was were satisfied that he had no more, and did not search him after they had relieved him of what little his pockets contained. He had the belt yet, and money was power. He knew what he had to do. As he had done before, he must lie quite quiet and look quite stupid, when his ruffian keeper came into the den. He must restrain the homicidal impulse that coursed through his veins like liquid fire, and bear, taunts, blows if need be, without a word. The duller and more torpid they thought him, the better. Perhaps he should not miss the 30th of December. One, two more steps of labor would bring him to the upper air. The 30th of December! Yes, he bent his aching brain to think fixedly of that. On that day Aurelia was to be married—he must not miss that day.

"I'll tell you what it is, mother," grumbled Nicholas over his pipe, after his morning visit to the prisoner, "that caged bird of ours nips too much, and he'll die soon, and there'll be a pretty piece of work. It'll come out, I tell you—murder always does come out. You may smile, but it does. And they'll make it out murder if we bury him here, and the police get scent of it. I don't want to be scragged, old woman, clever as you think yourself, and I won't be, I swear that." And the fellow backed the asseveration by a resonant oath, so loud that his mother started, and peered round for fear some one might be standing near the open half-door of the shop, within earshot. There was no one there, however, and Rolly was up stairs. The girl generally kept out of the way of her rough uncle, who disliked her, and showed his sentiments in a practical manner by kicks and pushes when she came near him. His temper was not improved by the drunken habits that grew upon him. Late as it was, he was unshaved, and his untidy breakfast lay in a heap as he had thrust it from him.

"Nick," said the reputed thief scornfully, "you're but a chicken-heart after all. My lad beyond seas was worth six such as you. You've been drinking more than you ought overnight. Didn't I have to help you in when you came home staggering, and now you've got the horrors, and serve you right. Let me lace your tea for you." And Mrs. Brown extracted a black bottle from a cupboard, and poured into her son's cup something that smelled and looked like gin. "There—you'll be all right now. We shan't have the chap long. Missus need to name names, and besides, added the big grinning, "she'll change her mind to-morrow, and be called My Lady—told me yesterday how she'd found a doctor would take the man away, and not bother us by asking a lot of questions; and he'll come with a carriage next week to fetch him. Drink your tea."

Nicholas drank his tea. The laced beverage made his blind eyes twinkle.

"We won't part with him—not till we get every penny of the brass, paid down," said he, smiting the table with his heavy, shaking hand.

"Of course not, ducky!" answered the old woman with a cackling laugh.

But on the day following that on which this colloquy occurred, Nicholas Brown, who had gone rumbling down the cellar-steps to carry food to the prisoner, came rushing up again, with such a storm of execration as drove Rolly, frightened out of the kitchen, and made even his stout-hearted parent shudder.

"What's up, my lad?"

"Gone! Given us leg-bail! The bird's flown!"

So it turned out. The cellar was empty, but the gap in the wall, and the tunnel burrowed through the earth, remained to show by what road the captive had gone. Gone he was, and his recapture was unlikely in the extreme. There was no clue to guide the pursuit.

"I wish Game Dick was here!" cried Nicholas, as he stood disconsolate, gazing at the disordered bricks, the yawning excavation, the shakies lying on the cellar-floor, all the signs that their late captive had been more than a match for the craft of his jailers. "I wish Dick was here. I suppose I'd better pad the hoof to Miss there at the Hall, and let her know."

"Let her know nothing," resolutely broke in the old woman, who had more presence of mind than her son. "I know her well. Once say we've lost the bird, and we may whistle for payment. Keep it dark, lad, keep it dark! We may get the money after all, if she thinks the chap's snug with us. Mum's the word."

So Aurelia received no warning. Her agents, like their employer, thought of their own interest, and of nothing else.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A CURIOUS FACT.—It is an admitted fact, well demonstrated by the appearance of the rebel prisoners in camp and hospital, that the sanitary condition of the rebel army is equal if not superior to that of our own, and the attention of practical and scientific men is directed earnestly to inquire into the cause of this extraordinary and unexpected fact. In 1863 the rebels were far inferior to our men in recuperative powers, especially when subjected to severe or capital surgical operations; but it is now observed that their condition has greatly improved, while our soldiers have lost rather than gained in power of endurance. Strange as it may seem, there are eminent medical men who attribute this improvement of the rebel army to the simplicity and disinclination of its rations; being at present limited to sixteen ounces of corn meal and four ounces of bacon per day. This diet is very nutritious, and when men are engaged in active out-door pursuits, it must be very healthy.

GURNEY A MORT.

[Many of our readers should think the time of the following episode little too sanguinary, all we have to say is that they are the production of Mrs. E. P. Tucker, the widow of the late Lieut. E. L. Tucker of the Fourth Michigan Cavalry.—Ed. Sat. Eve. Post.]

North in the early morn'g he rode,
With spirit unbroken,
The sunlight on his armor gleamed,
My native cavalier!
But one I from hidden covert dim
(God knows the dastard foe!)
A deadly bullet aimed at him,
His life lay in the hand of fate!
Oh, man! my woman arm is weak,
Avenge my dead for me!
Nor stay your hands till rebel blood
Flows like a crimson sea!

The golden sunshine of the South
(Then he is glory now)
Had never blazed so sweet a mouth,
Nor crowned so fair a brow,
But ah! the look of tender trust,
The loving smile hath fled,
His dear form moulders into dust,—
Up man! avenge my dead!
Bear on the standard that he bore!
Wave high the banner free!
Nor stay your hands till rebel blood
Flows like a crimson sea!

Amid the hail of shot and shell,
And bullets raining fast,
And flame and dash and roar and crash,
Ring out your bugle blast!
Lift up your sabre in the sun!
Nor sheath the trusty steel,
Even though the victory is won,
And traitor minions reel,
But charge upon their broken line!
Oh follow where they flee!
Nor stay your hands till rebel blood
Flows like a crimson sea!

Would Mercy with her syren tongue
Beguile thee from the trust?
Declining to be merciful,
Oh, men! be only just!
I charge you by the widow's wall,
And by the orphan's woe:
I charge you by the hopes that fall—
And by the tears that flow—
Oh, pierce Rebellion's cursed heart!
Strike deeper mine and me!
Nor stay your hands till rebel blood
Flows like a crimson sea!
Macon, Mich.

To prevent steers from jumping fences, clip off the eyelashes of the under lids with a pair of scissors, and the ability to jump is as effectually destroyed as Sampson's power was by the loss of his locks. The animal will not attempt a fence until the eyelashes are grown again. [But is it not rather cruel?]

Dr. Madden thinks the momentum of the blood is owing to the pressure of the atmosphere on the skin.

Samuel Mather, whose farm is on the line between Hartford and Windsor, in Connecticut, has just harvested one acre of wheat, and his yield is over forty-five bushels. It was raised on land from which a crop of tobacco was gathered last year. He says that following a crop of tobacco, he can always get a good yield of wheat.

The editor of the Green Castle Review says he found a curiosity in a printing office at Gosport. One of the gentlemen connected with the establishment is a blind man, and sets up types remarkably well. He is the first blind printer he ever came across. He stated to him that his average day's work was 5,000 ems, and that on several occasions he set from 7,000 to 9,000. His letter is distributed for him, and his copy read by his partner, his memory being so perfect that he can retain from four to six lines. When this is finished, he cries the last word "set," when another sentence is read, and thus continues on during the day.

WHAT A SOLDIER CAN SAVE.—The Portland Press says:—"A private in the 80th Maine Regiment had on the allotment roll \$10 per month reserved to be deposited in the Savings Bank, reserving only \$3 per month to spend for himself. After twenty months' pay the allotment was discontinued. Two hundred dollars, therefore, were deposited. Out of the \$3 per month, and by taking what money is allowed if clothing is not drawn, he managed to save and send home at one time \$25 for a watch and some other things, at another time \$31, to be forwarded to his father in Nova Scotia. Within a few days \$250 have come by express, to be also deposited in the bank. The State and city authorities for reimbursement are not to be paid, which will swell the sum, with interest accrued, to upward of \$750. At the close of the war, at this rate, he will have a big pile for himself. We commend this example for the imitation of all others of our brave soldiers in arms for the defence of our country. Economy and good habits are the secret of all this. Neither tobacco nor liquor has been used by him."

THE BAR FOUN.—Dr. Hall recently showed that beans, flour, corn meal, butter and rice, contain more than twice the nutriment of any animal food, and are digested in one-half the time. 25 cents' worth of flour, at 8 cents per pound, contains as much nutriment as \$2.25 worth of roast beef at 25 cents per pound; and that a pint of white beans, costing 7 cents, has the same amount of nutriment as 34 pounds of beef at 25 cents per pound. Cabbages, boiled, have only seven per cent. of nutriment; turnips but four per cent.; potatoes only thirteen per cent.; cucumbers but two per cent., and all are therefore very dear at present prices.

Three young officers of rank and good family, the Counts Schomberg-Kewenbuck, have been dismissed from the Prussian army because they publicly avowed that their religious sentiments were opposed to the practice of duelling.

The Rector (Wolcott) of Ribblesford, England, allowed himself lately to be used for £43 14s. 6d., the amount due for 186 original MS. sermons supplied since 1860. He admitted their merit, and had preached them, but didn't want to pay. The price ranged from 2s. 6d. for "harvest" to £4 for "special" sermons, while one very "special" discourse was charged £1 1s. The Vice was defeated in the case.

The Government of Spain is about to erect a statue in Madrid to Christopher Columbus. It will be from twenty-five to thirty feet high, on a pedestal sixteen feet. Competition for the work will be open to sculptors of all nations.

Original Fables.

Doctors Sicken Like their Own Patients.

Paddle, my lady's lap-dog, and Tom, her favorite cat, had long entertained feelings of jealousy and envy towards each other; but at last they made it up, and agreed to be friends. Instead of snapping at Tom, to make him go further from the fire, that he might have the very front, Paddle would merely nudge him gently along, looking steadily at him at the same time; and Tom, though he wouldn't give way an inch further than he was obliged, made no hostile demonstration, such as putting up his back and swelling his tail.

"I think, dear friend," said Paddle one day (not being yet quite satisfied with the deference paid to him by his companion), "we fall in showing the reality of our regard for each other in one respect."

"What is that?" asked Tom.

"We are not candid with each other as to our mutual faults. Don't you think it would greatly improve us both if we acted the part of honest reprovers to each other?"

"I don't know but what it might," said Tom. "He seemed of it," said Paddle; "and that we may no longer neglect one of the most sacred duties of friendship, let us begin this very day."

"With all my heart," said Tom; "and, that being the case, do you know I've often thought that when you—"

"Hush!" said Paddle; "everything in order. You know, dear, I am older than you. I may say I remember you a kitten; so let me give you the benefit of my observations first."

"Very well," said Tom; "I'm ready."

"Well, then, first, dear," said Paddle, "you are too fond of the front of the fire, and sit in such a way before it that I'm obliged to have recourse to many gentle hints before I can induce you to move. In the next place, dear, when we go to dinner, you invariably try to take the nicest piece, which I look upon as indecate. In the third place—"

"When will my turn be?" interrupted Tom.

"Stop," said Paddle; "I haven't done; and he went on to enumerate several other infirmities in Tom's character, the exhibition of which he considered in some way to affect his own comfort.

Tom, with some effort, contrived to wait it all out, and then asked,

"Pray, is that all?"

"All I can think of at present," said Paddle. "Then," said Tom, drawing himself up, "in the first place—"

"Thank you," said Paddle, interrupting him; "you must excuse my staying now. I hope you'll improve upon what I've said to you; but I have an engagement, and cannot stop any longer this time."

Little and Good.

Among some jars of wine of various sizes stood one considerably smaller than the rest, and it was consequently looked down upon with much contempt by its companions.

"How many are there of us in all?" asked a portly jar.

"Fifteen," cried the little one, "as I count."

"As you count?" returned the offended vessel disdainfully. "You surely don't so count as to number yourself among us?"

"And why not?" asked the little jar stoutly. "I am quite full, and what more can any of you be? I think our respectability lies in making a perfect use of our capacity, whatever it may be, and not in having a large one or a small one. But I can tell you another thing—the wine that's in me is three times as precious as that which you contain; so that a little of me is worth a great deal of you. Quantity is of consequence in the value of a thing, but quality has more to do with it still."

Truth Not Always Pleasant.

"Dear friend!" cried the willow, as she bent over the stream, and gazed on her graceful form reflected on the glassy surface, "how tender and how true you are! I have not a single charm that is not mirrored on your faithful bosom." And, as the breeze played gently among her branches, they bent to the stream and kissed the placid waters.

Summer passed, and winter; summer and winter; summer and winter; and the willow grew old. Its leaves were few and its branches withered.

"How changed you are!" she cried piteously to the stream. "Once I never looked on you but to rejoice, for all you showed me was pleasant and full of praise. Now, when I try to bend to catch a glimpse, I turn away sad and sorrowful; for what do you bring before me? Not verdure, deformity, and decay. You are greatly changed!"

"Foolish willow!" answered the stream, "I am too true—that is my fault. There is a change, but it is not in me; but you are not the only one that looks coldly on the truth when it offends the liking."

The Donkey Philosopher.

"Come close to the hedge, Teddy," said a worn-out horse to his friend the donkey, with whom he was picking up a scanty meal by the roadside.

"Why?" asked Teddy, following with his measured pace.

"Look who's coming!" said the horse. And there passed a well-conditioned cob drawing a cart full of beans.

"How nice they smell!" said Teddy. "I should think they must be very good; but I never tasted any."

"I used to get them in my better days," said his companion, sorrowfully, "but I can never hope for them again."

"He's a happy fellow, isn't he?" said Teddy, turning his head slowly round to watch the cart going up the hill.

"Some are born to prosperity, some to adversity," sighed the old horse. And he went on to entertain the donkey with his recollections of the taste of beans, and to draw comparisons between their condition and that of the happy cob.

Some hours afterwards, while they were yet in the road, the cart returned empty, and while the driver stopped to chat with a friend passing by, the horse walked up to the cob.

"Good evening, sir. Pray what have you done with your beans?"

"Left them behind," said the cob.

"Well, you're in very different circumstances from what you were when you passed us this morning," said the old horse.

"How so?" asked the cob.

"Can you ask?" said the horse. "Were you

not drawing after you a burden of rich delicacies that scented the air as you passed?"

"True, I was," replied the cob, "but not for my own benefit. The meat that I have to do with belongs to my master for the use of others; it's seldom I get a taste myself."

"Ah," said Teddy to the old horse as the cob's master drove him off at a smart trot, "how little we know of the truth of things! I have often carried my combs Jack, that draws a cart full of delicious vegetables along this road every Saturday, but I shouldn't wonder if he would tell the same story. No one can eat more than enough; and although it looks fine to have so much substance tucked to you, I dare say in most cases where we see it there's got more good from it than he who seems to be eating."

So he buried his nose contentedly in a bunch of nettles, while the old horse stood yet in a melancholy attitude, trying to catch the last whiff of his lamented beans, of which even the empty cart had left a grateful odor.

The Curiousities of Insanity.

A man was arrested yesterday in an old velvet uniform, wandering about the streets. He was taken to the Reserve Corps room, at Fifth and Chestnut, where the idea that he was a rebel was quickly dispelled by the discovery that he was insane.

"What's your name?" asked the officer.

"Almighty," was the reply.

"That's a queer name. What is your first name?"

"God."

"You have some other name, haven't you?"

"I have a thousand names here, but I am God Almighty. I am a rebel general. I went into fifteen battles. Oh, I wasn't impressed. I own that I've fought against this country with good will all the time."

At this juncture the man was recognized as an inmate of the insane department of the Almshouse, who had escaped the day before. How he came to procure the tattered uniform of a rebel is something for which it is hard to account. He looked weary and hungry. He was asked,

"Would you like to have some dinner?"

"No," was the reply. "I don't eat. I haven't eaten anything for fifteen thousand years."

The wanderer was told that he would be sent back to the Almshouse.

"You'd better not do that," said he, with a menacing look. "There was an accident there the other day. That was the work of my vengeance. If you send me there again I'll open the heavens and thunder down the whole building. So beware!"

They locked him up, and last night recovered him to his old quarters. This form of insanity is by no means uncommon. Some months ago there were four persons at the same time in the Almshouse who fancied themselves the Supreme Being, and two women who claimed to be the Virgin Mary. What is also singular is, that these several aspirants for divine power quarreled with each other when in juxtaposition, and ultimately their separation became necessary. The subject of this writing is a new comer at the institution.—*Phila. North American.*

LADY MACBETH IN A FIX.—Perhaps the finest specimen of the ludicrous ever recorded is the following picture of private theatricals in India: "Never shall I forget," says the writer, "the getting up of 'Macbeth,' and to say the truth, it was got up most respectably, and Matthew Locke's music was admirably performed, under the superintendence of Topping, who was an excellent musician. Lady Macbeth was undertaken by Anstey, son of the celebrated author of the 'Bath Guide.' Everybody knows how rapidly the beard grows in a hot climate. Anstey's was of the blackest tint, and it being a warm season of the year, before the fourth act it had grown so long, as to render it actually necessary for Lady Macbeth to shave before she appeared in the fifth. It was, however, so sultry behind the scenes, and there was so little air in the room appropriated to dressing, that Anstey ordered a table, with a looking-glass and his shaving apparatus, to be placed on the stage, where there was a stronger current. In malicious pleasantry, some one rang the prompter's bell, which was the constant signal for drawing up the curtain. It was most promptly obeyed, and to the amazement of the whole assembled fashion of Madras, Tom Anstey was exhibited in the costume of Lady Macbeth, in that most unfeminine part of his toilet. The roar, the screams of surprise and merriment that ensued, are beyond description."

A CHILD FASCINATED BY A SNAKE.—One day last week, in Warrenville, Ohio, a girl having a child in charge, left it in a baby-wagon, drawn up by the side of the road, for a few minutes, whilst she went to a neighboring house. A man coming by soon after was attracted by a peculiar noise and by the singular condition of the child, which was gazing very intently, with a fascinated gaze, into a tree overhanging the road. On looking up, he saw a huge black-snake coiled around the tree, and looking directly into the eyes of the child, whilst its distended jaws and quivering fangs evidenced its hostile intent. The man had no weapon with which to attack the snake, so he raised an alarm, which soon brought a number of the neighbors to the spot. Weapons were procured and the snake speedily killed. The reptile was found to be about the thickness of a man's wrist, and measured over five feet in length.

When fire is applied to a living body, a blister filled with liquid is soon raised, and if the heat be continued, the epidermis is destroyed. But when the same heat is applied to a dead body, the epidermis rises in the form of a blister, which is filled with vapor, and which presently bursts. This test has been proposed by M. Martin de Cordoux, to ascertain if a person is really dead before the burial. In performing the test, the author recommends a small flame, such as the flame of a match, to be applied for a short time at about half a centimeter from the skin.

The Troy W/ig has the following:—"South Troy is just now agitated by the stories told about a child that talked at birth. It prophesied that a comet was coming in two weeks, and was going to give us terrible drought, and that in consequence of its disarrangements of atmospheric laws, there would be a five years' famine. The war was to end next year, according to the inspired baby's prophecy. There are numbers who have seen the talking child, and haist upon the truth of these stories."

an old basket, and all of which were invaluable to their present owner, as the only instruments at his command. The spittoon, indeed, disappeared and ground on a loose stone, made a terrible crash, such as an artisan would have deemed, no doubt, but which had been in the eye of the rebel, the first stage of the battle. The rebel, the first stage of the battle. The rebel, the first stage of the battle.

Listening, like the hare when the hounds are at fault, and she stands, with ears laid back and clotted fur, along the hedgerow, the captive waited motionless for a moment, and then, apparently satisfied that no interruption was imminent, began his work. First, some large patches of moss that incrustated the eastern wall were removed, but with as tender care as the most zealous botanist could have shown in gathering some unique vegetable exotic. That moss was yellow and dry, while the growth elsewhere was green and moist, and no wonder, for it was kept in its place by a tenacious paste of wet clay, artfully concealed beneath the withering tufts. The piece of sheet-iron, which was knife and scum, and trowel and shovel, in one, soon removed the moss, and laid the brick-work bare. Had Game Dick or his partners in rascality chosen to inspect that brick-work, they would not have been much the wiser. The dark-red bricks, the stained mortar, looked exactly like the rest of the cellar-wall; and yet, at the first touch of the spittoon, out came the mortar, piece by piece, and first one brick, and then another, and another, was drawn silently from its place, and ranged on the floor, the chips of dry mortar lying between the bricks to which they belonged, and each of the bricks being laid in regular order, like the parts of a child's puzzle, so that no doubt could exist as to the manner in which they should be replaced when their turn came. Down came brick after brick, until a gaping aperture was left in the wall, large enough to admit a full-grown man on hands and knees. And beyond the brick-work was a dark cavity, whence the marble earth that lay beneath the mould of the widow's garden had been scooped away. Into this cavity the prisoner crawled, like a rat into its hole, and after again listening breathlessly, pursued his work, skilful and patient as a mole in its underground gallery.

His plan of escape was simple in appearance, but its very simplicity was adapted to baffle the cunning of ordinary knaves and ruffians like those in whose power he lay. Had he essayed to flee away the window-bars, to saw through the trap-door, to overpower the amateur jailer who brought him his pittance of food and water, he would probably have failed, and especially while Game Dick was still hanging about the turnpike. But to burrow away out, through earth and wall, was a labor that nothing but the most stubborn resolution, skill and self-denial could achieve, and no notion of such a danger to their probable gains ever entered the heads of Aurelia's agents. They sincerely believed that their captive's mind was too much clouded for a coherent purpose to take root there.

"The chap was always queer," Dick had said on the very morning of his own little misunderstanding with Justice on the score of the robbery at Heavron Fair—"always queer, and that rap you gave him, Nick Brown, has added him quite. You hit him too hard; I said so at the time."

But the object of their scornful compassion was as intent upon his plan as the wildest statesman on his master-stroke of diplomacy; more so, indeed, for his whole being, and hopes, and thoughts were all fused into the one deep engrossing fury of his eagerness. For this he was patient, for this he labored, for this he watched, counterfeited apathy, kept true to his task. Every handful of earth drawn forth from the bank, every inch gained towards the upper air, brought him nearer to the fulfillment of his project. He worked now as no hireling could have done.

He had chosen the eastern wall, because he heard twice a day the creaking of the stiff wind-lashes of the garden-well close by. It was no near, that wall, that he could hear the dull thumping of the full bucket, as it touched the side of the well in its ascent, and the clank of the chain as the bucket was unhooked. The well lay to the east of the cellar; the distance was short; if he could but tunnel, without discovery, till he reached the well, he should be able to escape. The rope was kept dangling in the shaft of the well; he knew that. His quick ear had never failed to catch the sound of its fall and vibration against the slimy walls. The brick-work of the well once reached, once pierced, he could swing himself up by night, climbing hand over hand, and be free hours before his flight would be known.

But hard as he toiled, carrying away the earth in small loads in his basket-lid, laying it on the floor of the vault, behind a pile of loose bricks and rubbish, which made a convenient screen across one portion of the cellar, stamping it flat, and heaping shavings and brick-dust over the fresh mould, he took a wrong direction, and missed the well after all by a yard or two. But he had pushed his tunnel very near to the surface of the garden itself; he started sometimes when he heard the smothered sound of voices talking overhead, as he bent, with stiffened limbs and cramped fingers, over his toil; and his fear was lest the earth should cave in suddenly, and betray him to his enemies. One more day, two more days, would surely suffice. He had been forced of late to take the precaution of propping up the roof of the excavation with such broken bits of board, and old staves of casks, and scraps of rotting poles, as he could find among the rubbish in the cellar; but the day—December the 30th—was so very near now. After all that cruel labor and more cruel watch, if he should fail after all! He worked for as long as he dared, and then with a sigh crawled out of the pit, and buried himself in replacing, dexterously and rapidly, the portion of the wall which he had removed. Every brick was set in its old place, every piece of mortar fitted into the interstices to which it belonged; a little of the green mould from the dampest part of the vault was rubbed over the cracks; and the moss, carefully moistened with water from the pitcher that stood beside a pie-dish half-full of broken meat, was fixed with clay to the wall where it had once grown rankly. Then the tools were hidden, the shackles were released, and the prisoner lay down beneath the turnip-rug, on the straw and shavings, and dreamed and dreamed the same animal in a cage.

He felt the cold, now that he had ceased to work; he shivered, and a dull leaden pallor settled on his face, lately so ruddy in the expression. It was not more than an hour before noon. Brown would soon come. He came twice a day. Twice a day, or oftener, the captive's labor had to cease till the visit was past.

"It is very cold here, and dark," he muttered, "and no friend ever comes. Aurelia!" He started as if a serpent had bitten him. All the stupor and dull pain that his pinched face had begun to show were gone in a moment; his eyes were brilliant, lustrous, full of lurid fire and resolution. He looked down at his hands, which he had begun to chafe, for the sake of warmth, and saw that they bore the marks of his late toil; those stains he effaced as well as he could, and then, after a breathless pause, felt under his clothes for the belt he wore concealed. Yes, it was there still, and the gold pieces were there, safe. His pockets had been emptied when he was first brought in, and his pistols, and his penknife, and his purse, had been taken away. There was not much money in the purse—half a sovereign and some silver—but those in whose hands he was were satisfied that he had no more, and did not search him after they had relieved him of what little his pockets contained. He had the belt yet, and money was power. He knew what he had to do. As he had done before, he must lie quite quiet, and look quite stupid, when his ruffian keeper came into the den. He must regain the homicidal impulse that coursed through his veins like liquid fire, and bear, taunts, blows if need be, without a word. The duller and more torpid they thought him, the better. Perhaps he should not miss the 30th of December. One, two more spells of labor would bring him to the upper air. The 30th of December! Yes, he bent his aching brain to think fixedly of that. On that day Aurelia was to be married—he must not miss that day.

"I'll tell you what it is, mother," grumbled Nicholas over his pipe, after his morning visit to the prisoner, "that caged bird of ours mopes too much, and he'll die soon, and there'll be a pretty piece of work. It'll come out, I tell you—murder a'ways does come out. You may sniggle, but it does. And they'll make it out murder if we bury him here, and the police get scent of it. I don't want to be scragged, old woman, clever as you think yourself, and I won't be, I swear that." And the fellow backed the asseveration by a resonant oath, so loud that his mother started, and peered round for fear some one might be standing near the open half-door of the shop, within earshot. There was no one there, however, and Sally was up stairs. The girl generally kept out of the way of her rough uncle, who disliked her, and showed his sentiments in a practical manner by kicks and pushes when she came near him. His temper was not improved by the drunken habits that grew upon him. Late as it was, he was unshaven, and his untidy breakfast lay in a heap as he had thrust it from him.

"Nick," said the reputed witch scornfully, "you're but a chicken-heart after all. My lad beyond nose was worth six such as you. You've been drinking more than you ought overnight. Didn't I have to help you in when you came home staggering, and now you've got the horrors, and serve you right. Let me lace your tea for you." And Mrs. Brown extracted a black bottle from a cupboard, and poured into her son's cup something that smelled and looked like gin. "There—you'll be all right now. We shan't have the chap long. Miss—no need to name names, and besides," added the hag, grinning, "she'll change hers to-morrow, and be called My Lady—told me only yesterday how she'd found a doctor would take the man away, and not bother us by asking a lot of questions; and he'll come with a carriage next week to fetch him. Drink your tea."

Nicholas drank his tea. The laced beverage made his blind eyes twinkle.

"We won't part with him—not till we get every penny of the brass, paid down," said he, smiting the table with his heavy, shaking hand.

"Of course not, ducky!" answered the old woman with a cackling laugh.

But on the day following that on which this colloquy occurred, Nicholas Brown, who had gone gumbolling down the cellar-steps to carry food to the prisoner, came rushing up again, with such a storm of execration as drove Sally, frightened out of the kitchen, and made even his stout-hearted parent shudder.

"What's up, my lad?"

"Gone! Given us leg-bail! The bird's flown!"

And then came a new volley of oaths.

So it turned out. The cellar was empty, but the gap in the wall, and the tunnel burrowed through the earth, remained to show by what road the captive had gone. Gone he was, and his recapture was unlikely in the extreme. There was no clue to guide the pursuit.

"I wish Game Dick was here!" cried Nicholas, as he stood disconsolate, gazing at the disordered bricks, the yawning excavation, the shackles lying on the cellar-floor, all the signs that their late captive had been more than a match for the craft of his jailers. "I wish Dick was here. I suppose I'd better pad the hoof to Miss there at the Hall, and let her know."

"Let her know nothing," resolutely broke in the old woman, who had more presence of mind than her son. "I know her well. Once say we've lost the bird, and we may whistle for payment. Keep it dark, lad, keep it dark! We may get the money after all, if she thinks the chap's snug with us. Mum's the word."

So Aurelia received no warning. Her agents, like their employer, thought of their own interest, and of nothing else.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A CURIOUS FACT.—It is an admitted fact, well demonstrated by the appearance of the rebel prisoners in camp and hospital, that the sanitary condition of the rebel army is equal if not superior to that of our own, and the attention of practical and scientific men is directed earnestly to inquire into the cause of this extraordinary and unexpected fact. In 1863 the rebels were far inferior to our men in recuperative powers, especially when subjected to severe or capital surgical operations; but it is now observed that their condition has greatly improved, while our soldiers have lost rather than gained in power of endurance. Strange as it may seem, there are eminent medical men who attribute this improvement of the rebel army to the simplicity and disinclined quantity of rations; being at present limited to sixteen ounces of corn meal and four ounces of bacon per day. This diet is very nutritious, and when men are engaged in active outdoor pursuits, it must be very healthy.

GUERRE A MORT.

[If any of our readers should think the tone of the following entitled lines a little too sanguinary, all we have to say is that they are the production of Mrs. E. F. Tucker, the widow of the late Lieut. E. L. Tucker of the Fourth Michigan Cavalry.—Ed. Sat. Ev. Post.]

Forth in the early morn he rode,
With spirit soaring free,
The sunlight on his armor gleamed,
My noble cavalier!
But see! from hidden covert dim
(Ood came the dastard foe!)
A deadly bullet aimed at him,
Has laid my darling low!
Oh, men! my woman arm is weak,
Avenge my dead for me!
Nor stay your hands till rebel blood
Flows like a crimson sea!

The golden sunshine of the South
(Dim be its glory now)
Had never kissed so sweet a mouth,
Nor crowned so fair a brow.
But ah! the look of tender trust,
The loving smile hath fled,
His dear form mingles into dust,—
Up men! avenge my dead!
Bear on the standard that he bore!
Wave high the banner free!
Nor stay your hands till rebel blood
Flows like a crimson sea!

Aid the hell of shot and shell,
And bullets raining fast,
And flames and dash and roar and crash,
Bring your bugle blast!
Lift your banners in the sun!
Nor shun the trusty steel,
For though the victory is won,
And traitor millions reel,
But charge upon their broken line!
Oh follow where they flee!
Nor stay your hands till rebel blood
Flows like a crimson sea!

Would Mercy with her syren tongue
Regulate thee from the trust?
Dissuading to be merciful,
Oh, men! be only just!
I charge you by the widow's wall,
And by the orphan's woe:
I charge you by the hopes that fall—
And by the tears that flow—
Oh, pierce Rebellion's cursed heart!
Strike deep for mine and me!
Nor stay your hands till rebel blood
Flows like a crimson sea!

Memo. Mich.

To prevent streets from jumping fences, clip off the eyelashes of the under lids with a pair of scissors, and the ability to jump is as effectually destroyed as Sampson's power was by the loss of his locks. The animal will not attempt a fence until the eyelashes are grown again. [But is it not rather cruel?]

Dr. Madden thinks the momentum of the blood is owing to the pressure of the atmosphere on the skin.

Samuel Mather, whose farm is on the line between Hartford and Windsor, in Connecticut, has just harvested one acre of wheat, and its yield is over forty-five bushels. It was raised on land from which a crop of tobacco was gathered last year. He says that following a crop of tobacco, he can always get a good yield of wheat.

The editor of the Green Castle Banner says he found a curiosity in a printing office at Gosport. One of the gentlemen connected with the establishment is a blind man, and sets up types remarkably well. He is the first blind printer he ever came across. He stated to him that his average day's work was 5,000 ems, and that on several occasions he set from 7,000 to 9,000. His letter is distributed for him, and his copy read by his partner, his memory being so perfect that he can retain from four to six lines. When this is finished, he cries the last word "set," when another sentence is read, and thus continues on during the day.

WHAT A SOLDIER CAN SAVE.—The Portland Press says:—"A private in the 30th Maine Regiment had on the allotment roll \$10 per month reserved to be deposited in the Savings Bank, reserving only \$3 per month to spend for himself. After twenty months' pay the allotment was discontinued. Two hundred dollars, therefore, were deposited. Out of the \$3 per month, and by taking what money is allowed if clothing is not drawn, he managed to save and send home at one time \$36 for a watch and some other things, at another time \$31, to be forwarded to his father in Nova Scotia. Within a few days \$250 have come by express, to be also deposited in the bank. The State and city bounties for re-enlistment are yet to be paid, which will swell the sum, with interest accrued, to upward of \$750. At the close of the war, at this rate, he will have a big pile for himself. We commend this example for the imitation of all others of our brave soldiers in arms for the defense of our country. Economy and good habits are the secret of all this. Neither tobacco nor liquor has been used by him."

THE BIRD POON.—Dr. Hall recently showed that beans, flour, corn meal, butter and rice, contain more than twice the nutriment of any animal food, and are digested in one-half the time. 25 cents' worth of flour, at 8 cents per pound, contains as much nutriment as \$2.25 worth of roast beef at 35 cents per pound; and that a pint of white beans, costing 7 cents, has the same amount of nutriment as 34 pounds of beef at 35 cents per pound. Cabbage, boiled, has only seven per cent. of nutriment; turnip, but four per cent.; potatoes only thirteen per cent.; cucumbers but two per cent., and all are therefore very dear at present prices.

Three young officers of rank and good family, the Counts Schminning-Kerffbroek, have been dismissed from the Prussian army because they publicly avowed that their religious sentiments were opposed to the practice of duelling.

The Rector (Wolcott) of Ribbesford, England, allowed himself lately to be sued for £24 14s. 6d., the amount due for 326 original MS. sermons supplied since 1860. He admitted their merit, and had preached them, but didn't want to pay. The prices ranged from 2s. 6d. for "harvest" to 3s. for "special" sermons, while one very "special" discourse was charged £1 1s. The Vicar was defeated in the case.

The Government of Spain is about to erect a statue in Madrid to Christopher Columbus. It will be from twenty-five to thirty feet high, on a pedestal sixteen feet. Competition for the work will be open to sculptors of all nations.

Original Fables.

Doctors Seldom Like their Own Physic.

Paddle, my lady's lap-dog, and Tom, her favorite and long-entertained feelings of jealousy and envy towards each other; but at last they made it up, and agreed to be friends. Instead of snapping at Tom, to make him go further from the fire, that he might have the very front, Paddle would merely nudge him gently along, looking steadily at him at the same time; and Tom, though he wouldn't give way an inch further than he was obliged, made no warlike demonstration, such as putting up his back and swelling his tail.

"I think, dear friend," said Paddle one day (not being yet quite satisfied with the deference paid to him by his companion), "we fall in showing the reality of our regard for each other in one respect."

"What is that?" asked Tom.

"We are not candid with each other as to our mutual faults. Don't you think it would greatly improve us both if we acted the part of honest reprovers to each other?"

"I don't know but what it might," said Tom. "Be assured of it," said Paddle; "and that we may no longer neglect one of the most sacred duties of friendship, let us begin this very day."

"With all my heart," said Tom; "and, that being the case, do you know I've often thought that when you—"

"Hush!" said Paddle: "everything in order. You know, dear, I am older than you." I may say I remember you a kitten; so let me give you the benefit of my observations first."

"Very well," said Tom; "I'm ready."

"Well, then, first, dear," said Paddle, "you are too fond of the front of the fire, and sit in such a way before it that I'm obliged to have recourse to many gentle hints before I can induce you to move. In the next place, dear, when we go to dinner, you invariably try to take the nicest piece, which I look upon as indelicate. In the third place—"

"When will you turn to?" interrupted Tom. "Stop," said Paddle; "I haven't done; and he went on to enumerate several other infirmities in Tom's character, the exhibition of which he considered in some way to affect his own comfort."

Tom, with some effort, contrived to wait it all out, and then asked,

"Pray, is that all?"

"All I can think of at present," said Paddle. "Then," said Tom, drawing himself up, "in the first place—"

"Thank you," said Paddle, interrupting him; "you must excuse my staying now. I hope you'll improve upon what I've said to you; but I have an engagement, and cannot stop any longer this time."

Little and Good.

Among some jars of wine of various sizes stood one considerably smaller than the rest, and it was consequently looked down upon with much contempt by its companions.

"How many are there of us in all?" asked a portly jar.

"Fifteen," cried the little one, "as I count."

"As you count?" returned the offended vessel disdainfully. "You surely don't so count as to number yourself among us?"

"And why not?" asked the little jar stoutly. "I am quite full, and what more can any of you be? I think our respectability lies in making a perfect use of our capacity, whatever it may be, and not in having a large one or a small one. But I can tell you another thing—the wine that's in me is three times as precious as that which you contain; so that a little of me is worth a great deal of you. Quantity is of consequence in the value of a thing, but quality has more to do with it still."

Truth Not Always Pleasant.

"Dear friend!" cried the willow, as she bent over the stream, and gazed on her graceful form reflected on the glassy surface, "how tender and how true you are! I have not a single charm that is not mirrored on your faithful bosom." And, as the breeze played gently among her branches, they bent to the stream and kissed the placid waters.

Summer passed, and winter; summer and winter; summer and winter; and the willow grew old. Its leaves were few and its branches withered.

"How changed you are!" she cried peevishly to the stream. "Once I never looked on you but to rejoice, for all you showed me was pleasant and full of praise. Now, when I try to bend to catch a glimpse, I turn away sad and sorrowful; for what do you bring before me? Not verdure, not symmetry, not grace; but bareness, deformity, and decay. You are greatly changed!"

"Foolish willow!" answered the stream, "I am too true—that is my fault. There is a change, but it is not in me; but you are not the only one that looks coldly on the truth when it offends the liking."

The Donkey Philosopher.

"Come close to the hedge, Teddy," said a worn-out horse to his friend the donkey, with whom he was picking up a scanty meal by the roadside.

"Why?" asked Teddy, following with his measured pace.

"Look who's coming!" said the horse. And there passed a well-conditioned cob drawing a cart full of beans.

"How nice they smell!" said Teddy. "I should think they must be very good; but I never tasted any."

"I used to get them in my better days," said his companion, sorrowfully, "but I can never hope for them again."

"It's a happy fellow, isn't he?" said Teddy, turning his head slowly round to watch the cart going up the hill.

"Some are born to prosperity, some to adversity," sighed the old horse. And he went on to entertain the donkey with his recollections of the taste of beans, and to draw comparisons between their condition and that of the happy cob.

Some hours afterwards, while they were yet in the road, the cart returned empty, and while the driver stopped to chat with a friend passing by, the horse walked up to the cob.

"Good evening, sir. Pray what have you done with all your beans?"

"Left them behind," said the cob.

"Well, you're in very different circumstances from what you were when you passed us this morning," said the old horse.

"How so?" asked the cob.

"Can you ask?" said the horse. "Were you not drawing after you a burthen of rich delicacies that accented the air as you passed?"

"True, I was," replied the cob, "but not for my own benefit. The most that I have to do with beans is to carry them for the use of others; it's seldom I get a taste myself."

"Ah," said Teddy to the old horse as the cob's master drove him off at a smart trot, "how little we know of the truth of things! I have often envied my cousin Jack, that draws a cart full of delicious vegetables along this road every Saturday, but I shouldn't wonder if he would tell the same story. No one can eat more than enough; and although it looks fine to have so much substance tacked to you, I dare say in most cases where we see it others get more good from it than he to whom it seems to be long."

So he buried his nose contentedly in a bunch of nettles, while the old horse stood yet in a melancholy attitude, trying to catch the last whiff of his lamented beans, of which even the empty cart had left a grateful odor.

The Curiousities of Insanity.

A man was arrested yesterday in an old rebel uniform, wandering about the streets. He was taken to the Reserve Corps room, at Fifth and Chestnut, where the idea that he was a rebel was quickly dispelled by the discovery that he was insane.

"What's your name?" asked the officer.

"Almighty," was the reply.

"That's a queer name. What is your first name?"

"God."

"You have some other name, haven't you?"

"I have a thousand names here, but I am God Almighty. I am a rebel general. I went into fifteen battles. Oh, I wasn't impressed. I own that I've fought against this country with good will all the time."

At this juncture the man was recognized as an inmate of the insane department of the Almshouse, who had escaped the day before. How he came to procure the tattered uniform of a rebel is something for which it is hard to account. He looked weary and hungry. He was asked,

"Would you like to have some dinner?"

"No," was the reply. "I don't eat. I haven't eaten anything for fifteen thousand years."

The wanderer was told that he would be sent back to the Almshouse.

"You'd better not do that," said he, with a menacing look. "There was an accident there the other day. That was the work of my vengeance. If you send me there again I'll open the heavens and thunder down the whole buildings. So beware!"

They locked him up, and last night recovered him to his old quarters. This form of insanity is by no means uncommon. Some months ago there were four persons at the same time in the Almshouse who fancied themselves the Supreme Being, and two women who claimed to be the Virgin Mary. What is also singular is, that these several aspirants for divine power quarreled with each other when in juxtaposition, and ultimately their separation became necessary. The subject of this writing is a new comer at the institution.—*Phila. North American.*

LADY MACBETH IN A FIX.—Perhaps the finest specimen of the ludicrous ever recorded is the following picture of private theatricals in India: "Never shall I forget," says the writer, "getting up of 'Macbeth,' and to say the truth, it was got up most respectably, and Matthew Locke's music was admirably performed, under the superintendence of Topping, who was an excellent musician. Lady Macbeth was undertaken by Anstey, son of the celebrated author of the 'Bath Guide.' Everybody knows how rapidly the beard grows in a hot climate. Anstey's was of the blackest tint, and it being a warm season of the year, before the fourth act had grown so long, as to render it actually necessary for Lady Macbeth to shave before she appeared in the fifth. It was, however, so sultry behind the scenes, and there was so little air in the room appropriated to dressing, that Anstey ordered a table, with a looking-glass and his shaving apparatus, to be placed on the stage, where there was a stronger current. In malicious pleasantry, some one rang the prompter's bell, which was the constant signal for drawing up the curtain. It was most promptly obeyed, and to the amusement of the whole assembled fashion of Madras, Tom Anstey was exhibited in the costume of Lady Macbeth, in that most unfeminine part of his toilette. The roar, the screams of surprise and merriment that ensued, are beyond description."

A CHILD FASCINATED BY A SNAKE.—One day last week, in Warrenville, Ohio, a girl having a child in charge, left it in a baby-wagon, drawn up by the side of the road, for a few minutes, whilst she went to a neighboring house. A man coming by soon after was attracted by a peculiar noise and by the singular condition of the child, which was gazing very intently, with a fascinated gaze, into a tree overhanging the road. On looking up, he saw a huge black-snake coiled around the tree, and looking directly into the eyes of the child, whilst its distended jaws and quivering fangs evinced its hostile intent. The man had no weapon with which to attack the snake, so he raised an alarm, which soon brought a number of the neighbors to the spot. Weapons were procured and the snake speedily killed. The reptile was found to be about the thickness of a man's wrist, and measured over five feet in length.

When fire is applied to a living body, a blister filled with liquid is soon raised, and if the heat be continued, the epidermis is destroyed. But when the same heat is applied to a dead body, the epidermis rises in the form of a blister, which is filled with vapor, and which presently bursts. This test has been proposed by M. Martin de Cordoux, to ascertain if a person is really dead before the burial. In performing the test, the author recommends a small flame, such as the flame of a match, to be applied for a short time at about half a centimeter from the skin.

The Troy Whig has the following:—"South Troy is just now agitated by the stories told about a child that talked at birth. It is prophesied that a comet was coming in two weeks, and was going to give us terrible drought, and that in consequence of its disarrangements of atmospheric laws, there would be a five years' famine. The war was to end next year, according to the inspired baby's prophecy. There are numbers who have seen the talking child, and insist upon the truth of these stories."

WIT AND HUMOR.

A COURT SCENE.

There is an attorney practicing in our courts who has attained a great notoriety, among numerous other things, for bullying witnesses on the opposite side of cases when he is concerned. As it would not be polite to give his full name right out in the crowd, we will merely call him "Wayke," for short.

There was a horse race in the Justice Court, one day, in which Wayke happened to be engaged. A slow and easy witness had been called to the stand by the plaintiff, who, in a plain, straightforward manner, made the other side of the case look rather blue. The plaintiff's attorney being through, Wayke commenced a regular cross-examination, which was cut short in this manner—

"Well, what do you know about a horse—you a horse doctor?" said the barbarian, in his peculiar contemptuous and overbearing manner.

"No, I don't pretend to be a horse doctor, but I know a good deal of the nature of the beast."

"That means to say that you know a horse from a jackass, when you see them," said Wayke, in the same style—looking knowingly at the Court, and glancing triumphantly around the crowd of spectators, with a telegraphic expression, which said, "Now I've got him on the hip."

The intended victim, gazing intently at his legal tormentor, drawled out—

"Oh, yes—just so—I'd never take you for a horse."

The Supreme Court of the United States could not have preserved its gravity through the scene that followed. The flick back produced a regular stampede, and everybody was convinced that whatever the attorney might be, the witness was a "hoax."

GETTING OUT OF CLOSER QUARTERS.—Governor D—, of Florida, was celebrated for his waggery as for his executive qualifications. Giving a crowd of paying listeners an account of the strange things he had seen during his peregrinations in the far West, he said—

"Fact, gentlemen, the trees are so close together in Arkansas that you may travel for days together without finding them more than three feet apart; and then the game! such vast numbers of buffalo and bears and wild cats, but in all the world I never saw such deer!"

"What of the deer, Governor D—?" asked a squint-eyed descendant of Nimrod, who, to use his own expression, "d rudder hunt nor eat any time," and so he had.

"Oh, the biggest, bounding bucks you ever saw. Why, my dear sir, the woods are perfectly alive with them, charging about with great, branching horns full four feet apart."

"Well, but, Governor D—, if the trees are only three feet apart, and the deer's horns four, I want you to tell me how they get through?"

"Oh, well, that's their lookout. I have nothing to do with that."

HOW TO REACH CONGRESS.—It is not necessary for a politician to be absolutely slandered for vice. Congressional honors may occasionally be achieved by a reputation for comparatively trifling defects, or even a lack of accomplishments. We remember a well-known Congressman, equally celebrated for his fastness and his talent, who after being considerably used up on several games of billiards, was roundly told that he "might be a smart man, but one thing was certain—he hadn't been sent to Congress for his billiard playing."

"That's where you're all wrong," he responded, in a cool drawl. "It was just that elected me, and nothing else."

"Losing at billiards?"

"Ye-es. I always lost every game; everybody wanted to play with me, and I let 'em! That made me popular. Sometimes it cost me a hundred dollars a day—but I got elected!"

PERFECTLY NATURAL.—In an interior town they had, several years ago, a Philharmonic Society. They gave several concerts for the purpose of raising money to defray the cost of instruments, &c., and A— was requested by the committee to sell some of the tickets to the first concert. The performance was to be Haydn's "Traveller of the 'Creation,'" the different parts, of course, to be taken by the ladies and gentlemen of the society. A— had unusual success in disposing of his tickets; in truth, some astonishment was created at the rapidity with which he worked them off. But presently it came to their ears that as a recommendation to purchasers he represented that the performance was to be in *vacuo*. As the principal parts were Adam and Eve before the fall, the committee were indignant, and ineffectually removed our over-anxious friend from office.

"FIRE AT THE CRISIS!"—During one of the battles on the Mississippi, between Gen. Grant's forces and Gen. Pillow's rebels, the latter officer called out to a Capt. Duncan, in his usual pompous, solemn manner—

"Captain Duncan, fire!—the crisis has come." Duncan, without saying a word, turned to his men, who were standing by their guns already shot and primed, and simply cried out in the usual way, "Fire!"

The men were slightly surprised at the order, there being no particular object within the range, when an old gray-headed Irish sergeant stepped up with—

"Plan yer honor, what shall we fire at?"

"Fire at the crisis!" said Duncan. "Didn't you hear the General say it came?"

UNCLE SAM'S PUPP.—A post office clerk sends the following: "A man called at our general delivery one day, when I happened for the moment to be engaged elsewhere in the office. He whistled loudly. I stepped to the window and sawly inquired, 'Whose dog he was whistling for?' 'One of Uncle Sam's pups,' said he, quite composedly. I had nothing to say."

AN IRISHMAN. who found on the street a bill of fare of a recent dinner at the Kirkwood House, discovered therein the information of "oysters cooked in champagne," as one of the dishes served. "Boded," says Pat, drawing his shawl across his thirty mouth, "I wish I was an oyster."

A NOVEL TRANSLATION.—A thick-skulled school-boy had the sentence "Hope on, hope on," written for him to copy by his teacher. Imagine the surprise of the latter when upon examining the youngster's orthographical evolution he found it rendered thus—"Hop on, hop on."



RATHER BEHIND HIS TIME.

POLICEMAN.—"Haden't you better be getting home, young man?"
WANDERER.—"Wha' for? Fourth July ain't over yet, 'er know!"

LEGEND OF BECKET'S PARENTS.—In connection with the renowned Thomas A'Becket, a curious story is related of the marriage of his parents. It is said that Gilbert, his father, had in his youth followed the Crusaders to Palestine, and while in the East had been taken prisoner by a Saracen or Moor of high rank. Confined by the latter within his own castle, the young Englishman's personal attractions and miserable condition alike melted the heart of his captor's daughter, a fair Mohammedan, who enabled him to escape from prison and regain his native country. Not wholly disinterested however, in the part which she acted in this matter, the Moor's daughter obtained a promise from Gilbert, that as soon as he had settled quietly in his own land, he should send for and marry his protectress. Years passed on, but no message ever arrived to cheer the heart of the lovely maiden, who thereupon resolved to proceed to England, and remind the forgetful knight of his engagement. This perilous enterprise she actually accomplished; and, though knowing nothing of the English language beyond the Christian name of her lover and his place of residence in London, which was Chesapeake, she contrived to search him out; and, with greater success than could possibly have been anticipated, found him ready to fulfill his former promise by making her his wife. Previous to the marriage taking place, she professed her conversion to Christianity, and was baptized with great solemnity in St. Paul's Cathedral, no less than six bishops assisting at the ceremony. The only child of this union was the celebrated Thomas A'Becket, whose devotion in after years to the cause of the Church may be said to have been a befitting recompense for the attention which her ministers had shown in watching over the spiritual welfare of his mother.—*Book of Days.*

WHY BEES WORK IN THE DARK.—A lifetime might be spent in investigating the mysteries hidden in the bee-hive, and still half of the secrets would be undiscovered. The formation of the cell has long been a celebrated problem for the mathematician, while the changes which the honey undergoes offer at least an equal interest to the chemist. Every one knows what honey fresh from the comb is like. It is a clear yellow syrup, without a trace of solid sugar in it. Upon straining, however, it gradually assumes a crystalline appearance—it candies, as the saying is, and ultimately becomes a solid mass of sugar. It has not been suspected that this change was due to a photographic action; that the same agent which alters the molecular arrangement of the iodide of silver on the excited collodion plate and determines the formation of camphor and iodine crystals in a bottle, causes the syrup honey to assume a crystalline form. This, however, is the case. M. Scheffer has enclosed honey in stoppered flasks, some of which he has kept in perfect darkness, whilst others have been exposed to the light. The inviolable result has been that the sunned portion rapidly crystallized, whilst that kept in the dark remained perfectly liquid. We now see why bees are so careful to work in perfect darkness, and why they are so careful to obscure the glass windows which are sometimes placed in the hives. The existence of the young depends on the liquidity of the saccharine food presented to them, and if light were allowed access to this, the syrup would gradually acquire a more or less solid consistency; it would seal up the cells, and in all probability prove fatal to the inmates of the hive.

WE ARE REMINDED OF ONE OF THE MOST pungent and witty things ever penned on the subject of bee sermons. It is given in the work of an old German, on retentive punishments, in which he says that in the next world all unworthy and proxy clergymen will be condemned to pass the whole of their time in reading the bee sermons they have composed in this. A most horrible punishment.

SWEDISH PAPER.—There is very excellent quality of paper imported from Sweden, which is found to be of the highest value to the printers of wood-cuts. It has been worked in the office of the Illustrated London News, and, for beauty and sharpness of impression, no English paper has ever been found to equal it.

MR. MORRISON, OF LIVERPOOL, caught an odd fish last week in Johnson's Bay. The Eastport Sentinel describes it as sixteen feet long, eight feet girth, with a whale's tail, a shark's mouth, black skin, and not a bone in it. When opened it looked like solid lead. A very fishy story.

THE SYNAGOGUE SERVICE.—The third part of the synagogue service was expounding the Scriptures and preaching to the people. The posture in which this was performed, whether in the synagogue or in other places, was sitting. Accordingly, when our Saviour had read the hapharoth in the synagogue at Nazareth, of which he was a member, having been brought up in that city, instead of retiring to his place, he sat down in the desk, or pulpit; and, it is said, that the eyes of all that were present were fastened upon him; as they perceived by his posture that he was going to preach to them. And when Paul and Barnabas went into the synagogue at Antioch, and sat down, thereby intimating their desire to speak to the people if they might be permitted, the rulers of the synagogue sent to them, and gave them leave. (Acts 13: 14, 15.) The Jewish doctors, to show their reverence for the Scriptures, always stood when they read them; but when they taught the people they sat down. (See Matt. 23: 2.) Thus we find our Lord sitting down in the synagogue to preach, after he had read the passage in the prophet which he made the subject of his discourse. The custom of preaching from a text of Scripture, which now prevails throughout all the Christian churches, seems to have derived its origin from the authority of this example.

USEFUL RECEIPTS.

BEEF COOKED IN A FRENCH MANNER.—If the directions are carefully carried out, an excellent dish, to be eaten cold, is the result. Procure 5 lbs. from a buttock of beef, and 1 lb. of fat bacon; cut the latter into thin strips, and roll each strip separately in a seasoning of parsley and pepper, and then lay the beef thickly over with them. Place some veal bones at the bottom of an earthenware pan, (which has a cover to it,) tie the larded beef round with a fillet, and place it upon the bones. Then pour over it, very slowly, two table-spoonsful of rum, taking care that the rum sinks gradually into the beef. Place a thin slice of bacon at the top, then wash and cut up the following vegetables: A few French carrots, an onion, half a turnip, and one head of celery. Put these into the pan, together with three bay leaves, some peppercorns, and a bunch of savory herbs tied up in a muslin bag, and pour over the whole a large breakfast-cupful of stock. Cover the pan, and to prevent the aroma from escaping, pour a strip of paper round where the lid joins. Bake in a moderate oven for four hours; garnish, when cold, with savory jelly, and with the vegetables which have been stewed with the meat.

A NEW BREAKFAST DISH.—Common ship-biscuits are really admirable adjuncts to the breakfast table—not in their original brick-like state, but previously steeped for an hour or two in cold water, or covered for ten minutes with boiling water, and then toasted and buttered, are equal to muffins, and indeed, to our palate, preferable. We consider them a delicacy, when well dressed, and served to the table hot, with coffee or tea.

RASPBERRY SHORT-CAKE.—Mix dough as for biscuits; roll thin as pie-crust and cut in sheets the size of a bake-tin. Place one of these in the tin, then a layer of ripe raspberries, then more dough, and so on for three layers of dough, and two of berries. Cut small holes in the top crust, pour in a little water, and lay on a few lumps of butter, and bake half an hour. Serve with sweetened cream.

TO MAKE GOOD VINEGAR.—One pint of strained honey and two gallons of soft water. Let stand in a moderately warm place, and I will warrant good vinegar in three weeks. I have tried it several times and never had it fail.—S. F.

TO PREVENT FLIES FROM TEASING HORSES.—Take two or three small handfuls of walnut leaves, upon which pour two or three quarts of soft cold water; let it infuse one night, and pour the whole next morning into a bottle, and let it boil for a quarter of an hour. When cold it will be fit for use. No more is required than to wet a sponge, and let these parts which are most irritated be smeared over with the liquor, viz., the flank, etc. Not only the lady or gentleman who rides out for pleasure will derive a benefit from the leaves thus prepared, but the coachman, the waggoner, and all others who use horses during the hot months.

PICKLED OR RICHES CURRANTS.—Take 5 quarts ripe currants, 4 pounds sugar, 1 pint vinegar, and ground nutmeg to taste. Boil about an hour, put in jars and cover as other preserves. After a few months it is quite equal to cranberry jelly.

STRENGTH FOR THE FALLEN.—For my part, I confess I have not the heart to take an offending man or woman from the general crowd of sinful, erring beings, and judge them harshly. The little I have seen of the world, and know of the history of mankind, teaches me to look upon the errors of others in sorrow, not anger. When I take the history of one poor heart that has sinned and suffered, represent to myself the brief pulsation of joy, the feverish inquietude of hope and fear, the tears of regret, the fretfulness of purpose, the pressure of want, the desertion of friends, the scorn of the world that has but little charity, the desolation of the soul's sanctuary, and the threatening voice within; health gone, even hope that stays longest with us, gone, I have but little heart for anger else but thankfulness that it is not so with me, and would fain leave the erring soul of my fellow being with Him from whose hands it came.

"Come here, Tommy," said a schoolmaster, "do you know your A B C's?" "Yes, sir, I know a bee see."

AGRICULTURAL.

WORKING BULLS IN SINGLE HARNESS.—The Ontario Times gives some experience in this matter, and a correspondent of the Working Farmer adds:—

My experience corroborates the statements of the author as to the service of these animals when properly trained. I keep three horses, and yet most of my farm work, except ploughing and dragging, has for two years past been done by a bull. He is used for all kinds of drafts, on the ground, on drag, in cart, in sleigh, in buggy, covered carriage, etc. He is used to cultivators, and rakes hay without a driver. The harness used is similar to the one in ordinary use for a horse, except that the collar and hames are inverted. He is more hardy than a horse, is guided with perfect ease and precision without reins, walks or trots, and is as kind and docile as a pet kitten. I think he will move as large a load as an ordinary horse.

He belongs to my son, a lad of fifteen, who has broken and trained him. He will soon be five years old, is a fine animal, a cross of the Devon and Durham blood. He has a mate, a stag, so that when needed he can be used for ploughing and dragging. My son is now training another, which will be two in a few months. He can be used already for almost any work, by being led. Learning to drive without leading requires some time and patience.

DON'T STINT THE COLTS.—At no time in the life of colts do English farmers pay so much attention to these animals, or feed them better, than during their first winter; and these men contend that, if you inform them correctly how a colt is fed and cared for the first year, they will predict what kind of a horse he will make.

Just so soon as a colt is weaned he should have a few handfuls of good oats, bruised, per day, a few pounds of cut straw, and a few pounds of hay, cut. All else that he procures in the pasture will fill up the gap in his stomach, (which occurs between meals), and he will not over-distend that organ, nor his intestines, simply because the wants of nature have to a great extent been satisfied, or rather provided for, by feeding the animal just alluded to. Some persons may object to feeding colts in a generous manner, on account of the expense; but if good fodder makes strong, vigorous and healthy colts, and such colts make valuable horses, then I think that such investment must pay well. Finally, the principal defect produced on the growing animal by an insufficient nutrition, is to hinder his best development. Therefore, I say, don't stint the colts.—Dr. Dadd.

INFLUENCE OF IRON ON VEGETATION.—A curious discovery has recently been made regarding the influence of iron on vegetables. Preparations of iron are used as medicine where the blood is poor in red particles. The pale cheeks of the invalid often regain their bloom under the influence of such tonics. It is the same, it appears, with plants. On the chalky shores of France and England, where there is an absence of iron, vegetation has a sere and blanched appearance. This is entirely removed, it appears, by the application of a solution of the sulphate of iron. Haricot beans watered with this substance acquired an additional weight of sixty per cent. Malherbes, peaches, pears, vines, and wheat, derive advantages from the same treatment. In the cultivation of clover wonderful advantages have been gained by the application of the sulphate of iron on soils in which that ingredient is wanting, and in cases where it is desired to produce an early crop. The material is, of course, cheap and the quantity applied small. All the scales falling around the blacksmith's anvil should be saved for the land—they are worth five cents a quart to gardeners. No fruit is so much benefited by iron-rust in soils as the pear.

CHEAP MODE OF FEEDING HORSES.—J. Flak, of Baldwinville, N. Y., writes to the Rural New Yorker that he has a horse, five years old, used as a family carriage horse, which is frequently let to the neighbors. His labor is considerable. In the morning he feeds a bushel basket of cut oat straw; moistens it with water; throws in four quarts of shorts, mixed thoroughly and feeds. At noon gives straw again, and two or four quarts of shorts clear. At night mixes hay and straw—equal parts of each—cuts a basketful and mixes shorts again as in the morning. Feeds also all the potato and apple parings, cabbage leaves, etc., to him. His horse is free from cough, lividly, healthy and fat; and this practice he is confident saves him 50 per cent the cost of keeping a horse the usual way—costs about three minutes' time per day. This is an important item in the days of high feed.

THE LARGEST ENGLISH FARM.—The largest farm in England consists of three thousand acres, and belongs to a man with the Yankee name of Samuel Jonas. In its cultivation he follows the "four courses" system, the whole extent of the farm being divided into four great crops—780 acres to wheat, 750 to barley and oats, 750 to seeds, beans, peas, &c., and 750 to roots. His live stock is valued as follows: Sheep \$35,000, horses \$15,000, bullocks \$12,000, pigs \$2,500. The oil-cake and corn purchased annually amounts to \$30,000, and artificial fertilizers about \$5,000. The entire cost of manure, in various forms used, annually costs about \$25,000. Sheep are claimed as the most profitable stock he keeps, from which are realized about \$30,000 a year. His income from the whole farm, though not stated, can be little less than \$50,000 per annum.

THE RIDDLER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 89 letters.
My 14, 23, 33, 61, 4, 58, 55, 20, 23, 64, 3, 42, were the followers of Felix of Urgil.

My 26, 45, 10, 19, 68, 3, 82, 56, 23, 4, was a party of Reformers about Toulouse.

My 57, 9, 24, 50, 78, 4, 20, 21, 7, 3, 34, 8, was a body of dissenters from the Church of Scotland.

My 28, 12, 55, 65, 5, 24, 44, 15, 42, was an order of monks during the reign of Pope Alexander IV.

My 10, 63, 41, 81, 49, 80, 51, 54, 29, 36, 16, 42, 53, 56, 40, 70, 80, 5, 18, 82, 57, 28, 2, 23, 72, 51, 11, 64, 12, 58, 30, 68, 89, was an appellation assumed by a sect which sprung up towards the close of the 13th century.

My 48, 71, 78, 10, 47, 1, 17, is a Hebrew word signifying tradition.

My 48, 75, 27, 21, 30, 6, 62, 81, 64, 19, 79, 72, 39, 46, 66, 56, 43, 42, is a denomination of Protestants.

My 69, 62, 3, 27, 11, 90, 14, 82, 4, is a Protestant denomination which arose in the 16th century.

My 11, 69, 60, 56, 52, 23, 30, 40, 7, was a colonel in the Union army.

My 76, 27, 85, 20, 5, was a General in the Union army.

My 17, 63, 13, 23, 83, 5, was an ancient order of priests.

My whole is a quotation from Longfellow.

Pittsburg, Pa. GEO. IRWIN.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a kitchen utensil.

My second is what all should do repeatedly when discouraged in any attempt.

My whole is quite a needless establishment of a hotel or steamboat.

JOSEPH S. ROSS, Jr.

Richmond Place, Cincinnati, O.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of four letters.

Behold me, and I am an article of great service in navigation. Also, a Hebrew measure.

I am manufactured into various useful, elegant and substantial articles. In a rough state, I make the comfort of the fire-side, and contribute to the cheerfulness of the domestic circle.

Again curl me, and I represent one of three extraordinary brothers, who have been spoken of as belonging to the reigns of Henry VIII. of England, and his daughter, Queen Bess.

My whole is an encumbrance, and also a kind of protection used in some parts of the world at inclement seasons.

Baltimore, Md. EMILY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is what the soldier brave will never seek to shun.

My next, is what the coward fears, Than do, would sooner run.

My third's possessions multiply, Diminish, pass away, Continually fluctuate, Change owners every day.

My fourth, a changed appearance wears With every season's change.

My whole the circling ocean laves, In regions wild and strange.

Wilmington, Del.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Two men agree to mow a square field containing 40 acres, at the price of 75 cents per acre; but one being a faster mower than the other, agrees to take the outside swath and cut off all the corners. They mow 180 swaths around the field to complete it. Required, the number of acres that each cut, and the amount of money that each received?

JAS. M. GREENWOOD.

Paulville, Adair Co., Mo.

An answer is requested.

PROBLEM.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

If a vessel sailing in the Atlantic ten miles per hour, when the sun rises and sets in exactly twelve hours, should for that time continually head toward the sun, what would be the arc of the circle she would describe?

Norwich, Conn. E. M. PREVOST.

An answer is requested.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Why is a soldier more tired in April than any other month? Ans.—Because he has just got through a March of 31 days.

In what ship have the greatest number of people been wrecked? Courtship.

What state has the greatest number of inhabitants? Ans.—State of Matrimony.

What ought you to be cautious in giving, and keep when you have given it? Ans.—Your promise.

ANSWERS TO LAST.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—"The secret pleasure of a generous act is the great mind's great bribe." ENIGMA.—The Ladies' National Covenant. RIDDLE.—The Battle Cry of Freedom. CHARADE.—Bayonet (Bay, O, Net—ANAGRAMS.—Monongahela, Frawaddy, Cape Fear, Alleghany, Rio Grande, Fethora, Benandosh, Des Moines, Dniester, Tagus, Drina, St. Marys, Rhine, Niger.

Answer to A. Martin's PROBLEM, published Jan. 18th.—(17) (27) (37) (47) (57) (67) (77) (87) (97) (107) (117) (127) (137) (147) (157) (167) (177) (187) (197) (207) (217) (227) (237) (247) (257) (267) (277) (287) (297) (307) (317) (327) (337) (347) (357) (367) (377) (387) (397) (407) (417) (427) (437) (447) (457) (467) (477) (487) (497) (507) (517) (527) (537) (547) (557) (567) (577) (587) (597) (607) (617) (627) (637) (647) (657) (667) (677) (687) (697) (707) (717) (727) (737) (747) (757) (767) (777) (787) (797) (807) (817) (827) (837) (847) (857) (867) (877) (887) (897) (907) (917) (927) (937) (947) (957) (967) (977) (987) (997) (1007) (1017) (1027) (1037) (1047) (1057) (1067) (1077) (1087) (1097) (1107) (1117) (1127) (1137) (1147) (1157) (1167) (1177) (1187) (1197) (1207) (1217) (1227) (1237) (1247) (1257) (1267) (1277) (1287) (1297) (1307) (1317) (1327) (1337) (1347) (1357) (1367) (1377) (1387) (1397) (1407) (1417) (1427) (1437) (1447) (1457) (1467) (1477) (1487) (1497) (1507) (1517) (1527) (1537) (1547) (1557) (1567) (1577) (1587) (1597) (1607) (1617) (1627) (1637) (1647) (1657) (1667) (1677) (1687) (1697) (1707) (1717) (1727) (1737) (1747) (1757) (1767) (1777) (1787) (1797) (1807) (1817) (1827) (1837) (1847) (1857) (1867) (1877) (1887) (1897) (1907) (1917) (1927) (1937) (1947) (1957) (1967) (1977) (1987) (1997) (2007) (2017) (2027) (2037) (2047) (2057) (2067) (2077) (2087) (2097) (2107) (2117) (2127) (2137) (2147) (2157) (2167) (2177) (2187) (2197) (2207) (2217) (2227) (2237) (2247) (2257) (2267) (2277) (2287) (2297) (2307) (2317) (2327) (2337) (2347) (2357) (2367) (2377) (2387) (2397) (2407) (2417) (2427) (2437) (2447) (2457) (2467) (2477) (2487) (2497) (2507) (2517) (2527) (2537) (2547) (2557) (2567) (2577) (2587) (2597) (2607) (2617) (2627) (2637) (2647) (2657) (2667) (2677) (2687) (2697) (2707) (2717) (2727) (2737) (2747) (2757) (2767) (2777) (2787) (2797) (2807) (2817) (2827) (2837) (2847) (2857) (2867) (2877) (2887) (2897) (2907) (2917) (2927) (2937) (2947) (2957) (2967) (2977) (2987) (2997) (3007) (3017) (3027) (3037) (3047) (3057) (3067) (3077) (3087) (3097) (3107) (3117) (3127) (3137) (3147) (3157) (3167) (3177) (3187) (3197) (32